

**AN OUTDOOR NUMBER**

CAMPING, CLIMBING . . . . .

HUNTING, FISHING, DREAMING

**Vol-6.**

**AUGUST.**

**No-2.**

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

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This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of THE MIDLAND offers a special prize to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

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This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MS., that there may be no misunderstanding.

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## SUMMER.

*BRIDE of the Sun, the Summer sits enthroned  
Among her jewels—roses sweet and rare.*

*O, saw you ever face more soulful fair  
Than this, with chaplet of field gems enzoned!*

*Note you the classic outline of the cheek,*

*The pensive brow, the eyes that seem to see  
Within the deeps of vast futurity!*

*What do these subtly blended charms bespeak?—*

*A noble Princess of a royal line*

*Of kindred Summers, blessing earth and man,*

*And claiming naught of either save brief span*

*To bring to fruitage stalk and tree and vine.*

*O, regal woman, in thy earnest face*

*The Summer's bounteous promises we trace!*

*Clara A. Neidig.*



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VI.

AUGUST, 1896.

NUMBER 2.

## CAMPING AND CLIMBING IN THE BIG HORN.

BY DANIEL F. AND JULIA E. ROGERS.

THERE is no more inviting region for a summer outing than the heart of the Big Horn Mountains in Northern Wyoming. There are peaks, lofty and snow-clad, but accessible to the brave climber. The canyons are steep and high-walled, but the adventurous angler can thread their mazes with a certainty of catching such trout as only the Big Horn streams can yield. And in the wilder recesses known and visited only by the native hunter, there are elk and deer, "big horn," with occasional bear and mountain lion.

The peaceable and rest-seeking tourist who visits these altitudinous regions, with no murder in his intentions, can get his fill of mountain air, magnificent scenery, and all that nature in her best aspects has for such as he, and carry away with him no pang for having "broken nature's social union" with his rod and gun.

During the summer of 1895, attracted thither, two Iowans left the train at Sheridan, a new and thriving city built in a delightful valley on the eastern side of the mountains. After a few days of rest and preparation they set their faces toward the Big Horn for a month of camping and climbing.

Our outfit consisted of a wagon and two stout horses, a saddle pony, a tent, a vast tarpaulin, blankets galore, a Dutch oven, frying pan, dishes of granite and tin, and a mess-box stored with staple camp provisions. Equally well stocked was our arsenal, for know all men that these wilds are the *habitat* of the elk, the "silver tip," and the mountain grouse; and the trout fishing is unmatched on this continent provided you leave your "flies" at home and trust to the native "hopper" for bait.

Our party consisted of the Botanist with her kodak, the Book-worm with her ham-

mock, the Hunter with his rod and gun, and Uncle Sam—our guide, philosopher and friend.

The sun shone bravely across the valley and on the hither slopes of the mountains as we approached them. Cloud's Peak, highest of the range, peered over the shoulders of the nearer summits, its bald top white with snow.

The thin air of the valley cheated our lowland calculations, and our first guess—"Five miles to the foot-hills"—stretched itself to twenty-five before we began the true ascent. We ate a hasty lunch at noon,—our table, the level top of the last foot-hill; the limpid stream from which we drank, an irrigation ditch. A short siesta and we were refreshed and eager for the climb that lay just ahead.

The wagon road over the range, built by the county, is some eighty miles long, though the actual width of the range is a small fraction of this distance. The assurances of our guide scarcely quieted our apprehensions as we looked up and saw that road like a great serpent coiling its folds around the first outpost of the mountains. But we girded ourselves and followed the wagon. As we proceeded confidence returned. The road was level and well built, quarried into the breast of the steep, following the convolutions of its front in and out, but ever up, up. Evening found us still creeping toward the summits. As the sun was looking its last upon the hills we paused. Not far away a mountain brook was calling, and our guide pointed below to a clump of pines where we would pitch our tent for the night.

We had passed the intervening heights and Cloud's Peak, with a score of others, lay full and unspeakably glorious before us. Some of the great company were

just tipped with fire by the setting sun; some lay half in shadow; still others were in full twilight, their steep sides made more somber by forests of pine. Between the spurs lay high valleys, small in extent, but luscious with grass and pied with flowers. Behind us lay miles upon miles of arid plain, the buttes and other unevennesses of surface almost unnoticed because of the height from which they were viewed. The rivers of the Sheridan Valley threaded the gray and terra-cotta of the landscape, while the ranchers' fields of grain, a green and yellow patchwork, were set in here and there.

We camped that night by "Tepee Creek," a mountain brook whose name is redolent of Indian life and tradition. By the camp-fire our guide tantalized us with stories of big game he had bagged here years ago. Game is now scarce in the valleys and streams nearest civilization, and we tarried but one day in this charming spot.

Leaving "Tepee" we climbed to the county road and were soon faring west. A new view of Cloud's Peak showed its summit split in three, a striking reminder of the wizard, Michael Scott, who "cleft the Eildon Hills in twain."

They tell of a real glacier in a valley that slopes down the northwestern side—

remnant of the "Ice Age" which has left its marks all over the range.

The parks that lie on every hand are a delightful feature of this high region. Fed by perennial springs, the grass and flowers know no drouth, and ask no rain.

The solitude is strange and oppressive. An occasional herd of cattle, a tourists' camp, or a stray "cow-puncher" are the only signs of life. Even the birds have deserted, except a few timid grouse, and an uncanny scavenger—the camp bird—that hovers over the traveler's tent and devours his "remains." The wild denizens that once roamed over these hills are gone, and nature has no substitutes. The white man is only a visitor bent on shooting something, or pillaging her pine woods. If he would but stay away the old mother would repeople her wastes, and the sweetness of mountain life would come back again.

The Botanist is in raptures over a new flower—the Camass lily, as fair a blossom as ever looked up at the sun. The story runs that this pretty flower was once the innocent cause of an Indian war. The lily has a bulbous root which the Bannocks used for food. White settlers came into the basin bringing with them their swine. These soon found out the sweet and nutritious qualities of the Camass root



TROUT FISHING IN THE MOUNTAINS AT HIGH WATER.



CLUB HOUSE, DOME LAKE, WYOMING.

and were like to exterminate the plant. The Indians protested, and finally killed the hogs, which act precipitated the first Bannock War.

As we drove along the stony highway we came suddenly upon a huge rock thrust out from the mountain's side, as big as forty cathedrals. Out of its cleft side came a stream of water so cold that the thermometer showed 34°. We put our ears to the cliff and heard the small thunder of the water as it fell from ledge to ledge far within.

On a green slope just beyond the spring we made our camp fire of balsam fir, and we slept on beds made of the fragrant twigs (including a few cones).

Just before dark a cow-puncher rides up to our camp, greets us heartily, learns our history, and gives us his own. We are glad his intentions are peaceable, for hung to his belt and to his magnificent saddle is an array of deadly weapons that vividly recalls Dick Turpin and Gentleman Jack.

As we broke camp next morning and moved on, a new feature of these high Alps attracted our attention — spring-fed

mountain tarns, or lakes. Some of these feed the Missouri; some lie and reflect the shadowy pines, and have no outlet. One of the largest of the group, set deep in the bosom of the hills, is "Dome Lake," so named from a dome-shaped rock mass that towers near by. Dome Lake, 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, is about two hundred acres in extent, and has an average depth of eighty feet.

A stock company has bought two thousand acres of this lake country and is improving it for a summer resort. Overlooking the water on the south stands the "Club House," a picturesque hostelry built of pine logs, with wide piazzas and vast stone fireplaces. White tents are pitched about among the pines for those who prefer them to a shingled roof, and log cabins are building here and there to accommodate the visitors who will seek health and pleasure here in the future. Though Dome Lake is the source of a large mountain stream, yet there are no trout in it. Dams and falls prevent the fish from coming up. But the company has just had it stocked from the fish hatchery on Wolf Creek, and if

the "plant" is let alone for a few years there will be royal fishing there.

The Botanist and a party of friends — the ladies all in bloomers dight, and — well, there isn't a side-saddle in the Big Horn — mounted horses and took the trail one morning for a climb to the snow line. It was a steep and devious ascent, and frequent halts were necessary to breathe the horses. Gradually the lowland pines gave place to hardy spruce and fir. There is no more impressive instance of the survival of the fittest than this struggle of the pines. They huddle in groups as if for mutual protection and companionship. Thin needles cover them, trunk and branch, and each as stiff as wire. Farther up, the timber failed and in a northeast coulé on the mountain's flank lay the snow. Acres in extent, and we could only conjecture its depth. Not a glacier, for it had no motion. Unnumbered August suns had burned unavailingly upon it. The only signs of yielding were tiny streams that trickled from its base.

We climbed to the bald summit, and rejoiced to know that we were a mile higher than Mount Washington! A hundred miles away over the Big Horn Basin, towered the main range of the Rocky Mountains.

Even to the highest point, our way was beset with flowers in wonderful profusion and variety — crowfoots, daisies, asters, and, fairest of all, the forget-me-not, bluer than the sky above it, growing with its cheek against the snow.

Our Botanist was in ecstasy, and would have taken the scalp of that mountain and brought it between two blotters to Iowa, if she could.

But even among such luxuries as Dome Lake offered, we were impatient to return to our wild life and Dutch-oven diet. Enticing tales of mighty trout had come to us from "Paint Rock," "Medicine Lodge" and "Shell Creek"; deer and elk were promised if we held on to the "Ten Sleep" lake country, farther south. We chose Paint Rock, and, leaving behind us the delights of Dome Lake, we

descended into the Big Horn Basin. Grassy meadows and babbling brooks were always ready for us at noon and night until we reached the alkali plains. Late that afternoon we met a dusty mail-carrier, who answered our inquiries about the next camping ground by saying that it was "about five miles to Correll." This had a good sound, and we became cheerful at the prospect of a taste of Wyoming hospitality. The interminable stretches of sage-brush at last swallowed that five miles, and night was shutting down about us when a pine pole cattle pen was sighted on the dusky horizon. This lone enclosure was all there was of "Correll." No grass, no wood, no sign of water! Even our guide was puzzled. Suddenly a man appeared, out of space, it seemed. He was "goin' for water." We followed him, gathering up the half-burned relics of some traveler's campfire as we went; for the solitary had remarked that water was plenty, but wood and grass were "mighty skace." We descended a "draw" and at its foot a spring of water rippled and sang over the rocks — pure, sweet and abundant. So utterly out of character it was with the pitiless, sun-scorched waste about it — like "a good deed in a naughty world." We emulated St. Paul, and in peace and content lay down to sleep. All night we heard the cayotes' challenge from the neighboring bluffs, and daylight showed that deer runs, badger paths and the converging highways of the small prairie folk all centered at that spring. As we gathered our traps and fared west, we mused on the gracious compensations that nature provides when she is left to herself.

Our road was now down hill, and we had scarcely left our camping place when we had our first sight of the "Red Buttes." The western horizon was aglow with what appeared to be immense red hay-ricks, some of them miles in length. There is no more startling spectacle in nature than these piles of fire-red clay, bare as heaps of furnace slag. Even the sage-brush draws the line at the red buttes.

In startling contrast, the surface on our left was cut by huge parallel ditches, hundreds of feet in width and depth. The sides of these chasms were stained with ocher and lime, and were sculptured into shapes too weird and fantastic for description. What tremendous forces have wrought here side by side to such awful purpose, geology may guess and guess again.

The white soil rose in a cloud about us, the horned toads blinked at us from their cactus shade, and we were like sailors getting "mad for land," when our road turned abruptly down a draw, and we found ourselves at a rancher's gate. Log houses, barns, alfalfa fields, birds singing, a fringe of willow and box-elder and a creek babbling along its pebbly bed. This was Medicine Lodge. Just above the rancher's house the stream emerges from a canyon, on whose rocky walls some aboriginal artist has spread a savage allegory. Rude and barbaric though they be, these symbols and hieroglyphics may hide within them a story like unto the tale of Troy.

A few miles across the valley and we were at the end of our journey. Hastily picking the horses, we set up our canvas house, and soon three unlucky 'hoppers were dangling in the eddies, and a string of splendid trout made our first supper at Paint Rock Creek.

The ranchman on whose premises we had camped came down upon us the next morning. He expressed himself as weary of tourists, and hinted that he could fish his own creek. But the Botanist so roused the old man's gallantry that he removed his pipe, and with a sweeping gesture presented us with the freedom of the place.

He was a character. Virginia-born, he had drifted West, became a teamster on the Overland, hunted venison and bear for government posts, was a scout and Indian fighter, cow-puncher, and gold miner, and finally settled in the basin with his Indian wife. He owns a section of land, nearly all under irrigation, a comfortable home, and cattle on a thou-

sand hills. Tanned skins of bear and mountain lion, antlers of elk and deer, and the massive frontlet of the big horn that adorn his premises attest his prowess as a hunter.

Following a big bear story, our friend remarked that he was to head a party up into the mountains the very next morning, to hunt for a "silver-tip" which was killing cattle. The hunter of our party made bold to ask if he might go along. There was doubt on the "squaw-man's" face as he plead the hardships of the trip, the possible bears and the probable rattlesnakes. But nothing could daunt the would-be hunter's spirit, and he was one of the four who sallied from the ranch next morning. Every man had a Winchester slung to his saddle on one side, a picket rope on the other. Two pack-horses bore provisions and other indispensables for a week's foray. Four dogs, scarred veterans of many a bear fight, were the most enthusiastic members of the party.

A half-mile on the way we entered the canyon, a gloomy gash in the mountain side, its walls towering toward the blue, leaving just width enough for the stream and the narrow trail. In such a place our leader suddenly called a halt. A huge rattlesnake had slid from the bushes into the trail, and, whirling into position, refused us the right of way. He was brave, but injudicious. The Botanist now has his rattles,—thirteen of them, and a but-ton besides.

As we zigzagged up the mountain side, we disturbed now and then a herd of sleek Herefords with the brand of our host upon them. It was long past noon when we unsaddled in a grassy valley, and refreshed ourselves for the labors that lay before us.

After a short rest we loosed two of the hounds, and our bear hunt had begun. Shouldering our guns we followed the dogs, who were waking all the echoes with their chidings. We first climbed a steep where the wild raspberries grew—a fruit very dear to Bruin—but he was not there. Fresh deer signs were plenty,



THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON.

and at length we found the long, plantigrade tracks of a "silver-tip"—the Rocky Mountain grizzly. The dogs, with wild clamor, were following up the scent. We hurried after, hoping to bring the cattle-killer to bay, but soon found it impossible to advance, the trail was so beset with fallen timber. It was late when we dragged wearily into camp, followed later by the crestfallen dogs, that had on them no marks of recent combat.

A supper of trout, a long draught from the brook—this mountain water has more lift in it than any wine that was ever red in the cup—and we lay down in the grass, the tarpaulin protecting us from the damps of earth and sky. The stranger remonstrated when one of the hounds took his place in the wide bed, but the squawman explained that it was always Black Hawk's privilege. So we

"Rested till the morning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream."

No language is adequate to express the joy and exultation of this mountain life!

It may be the trout, and the keen electric thrill that goes through the angler as the speckled beauties leap to his hook. It may be the pure atmosphere, free from the leaden fogs and miasmas of the lowlands. It may be the escape from the cares that vex one's soul when he is in "the madding crowd." And yet there is a *something* more than all these,—a something of feeling, akin to spirit, but alien to speech.

Wherever there is a spring and a level space, in these highlands, there grow clumps of low aspens. Here, in the heat of the summer noons, the deer love to lie. We visited some of these thickets with murderous intent, but, though we found where the timid creatures had been, the dogs had been there before us. After another course of trout, we saddled our horses and took a blind trail right up the mountain. It was fearful climbing. The frequent fires had so littered the forests with dead and fallen timber as often to make travel, even on foot, impossible.



But our guide had thriddled the labyrinth before, so we followed, though to do so was perilous. The top reached at last, he pointed excitedly to tracks of elk just made in the soft soil. Hastily pushing on half a mile to a good camping ground, two were detailed to prepare supper, while two went back in search of big game. Silently the hunters trod the forest floor of pine needles, peering through the gathering gloom, for the day was nearly spent.

Suddenly they saw a gallant sight—seven stately elk, alert, watchful, half-conscious of danger and yet unable to locate it precisely. A snapping twig revealed the enemy, and the crack of two Winchesters, repeated as quick as thought, rang out on the still air. Away into silence and darkness bounded the herd. Did I say all? Well, exactly what happened is an August secret, sacred to that mountain top, for we were a trifle out of season.

We were two miles above sea-level; our horses were tired, especially the pack horses, whose burdens were not diminished. Our bear hunt was a failure in some respects; in others a brilliant suc-

cess, and the third day found us descending the trail. We stopped a while to fish in Paint Rock Canyon. Old Ike Walton would have given ten of his English years to have been with us that day.

A new road took us home by the uplands, and a passing thunder shower cleared the atmosphere on the last afternoon of our descent so that we had a magnificent view of the great basin and the tall Rockies beyond.

We spent one more day in the old camp. The Botanist added another feather to her bonnet by capturing a three-pound trout in a new and original manner. A smile went round when she came in excitedly for a new hook, having lost one to a speckled "monster" in the brook near by. The next moment, a splash, a scream,—and she came up dripping but triumphant, with a trout eighteen inches in length, its gaping mouth showing two hooks with leaders snapped off short.

After a hearty interchange of good wishes with the old hunter and his family, emphasized on his part by a present of a fine pair of elk horns, we turned our faces northward,—left the green valley



DOME LAKE, WYOMING, WITH DOME ROCK IN THE BACKGROUND.



for the arid plain, and the grim red sphinxes that keep the awful secret of their origin and purpose as does that mystery on the Nile.

We crossed many beautiful valleys, blooming with the results of artificial watering, and, in the forty miles covered before we took the hills again, we noted much respecting this picturesque and resourceful "Basin of the Big Horn."

In area as large as Massachusetts, it is compassed by a continuous rim of mountains, many of whose peaks are covered with perpetual snow. A thousand streams find their sources in these hills and are tributary to one great artery—the Big Horn River. Every valley has its canyon, and every canyon broadens into a valley near its mouth. One of these has a million acres which will grow anything that matures in temperate zones. We saw corn that satisfied our Iowa standard; wheat, oats and barley that Iowa cannot approach; apples that were perfection in size and flavor. The worker of all these miracles is *water*. The soil of Wyoming is spoken of as "arid," a word which to the ignorant implies a condition of hopeless sterility. No grosser mistake could be made. *Rocks* will not bear crops; but wherever there is earth in our "arid belt" vegetation will flourish luxuriantly if only you give it water in abundance. The eons of drouth that have held these steppes in fee have been accumulators of mineral wealth in this surface soil; garnering it for civilization, waiting patiently for him who leads the water from the hills and feeds it to the thirsty plains.

Water farming is scientific agriculture, and this is the sort that succeeds in Wyoming. The people are wrestling with this water question. The Constitution says: "Water being a gift of nature, the title thereunto shall be forever in the public," a proposition which might have come from Henry George. To put this admirable sentiment into law, so as to make the best use of this gift of God, is the task which Wyoming legislators have set before them.

This is not the place for an extended discussion of the resources of this mountain commonwealth. But the green lines of her artificial waterways were with us almost all the way. We saw with wonder her alfalfa fields, which grow three crops every season. We waded in her tall wheat and oats when we had to look up to see the heads. And we enjoyed the generous hospitality of her people. She has a future full of promise,—she lies in the latitude where the nation's great men and women most do grow.

Once more we ascended a mountain road. As we climbed, the roads began to show signs of heavy travel. Deep ruts and disorganized "corduroy" bridges made progress difficult. We were in the neighborhood of the gold mines of Bald Mountain—"Big and Little Baldy." We saw their bare tops, like inverted bowls, and turned out for the ponderous six-horse provision wagons that told the tale of a hungry and thirsty mining camp near by; but a rumor of storm was in the air, and we kept on our course.

The highland valley of Tongue River led us "beside the still waters" for twenty miles as we gradually approached the eastern slopes of the range. Its sinuous channel, almost smothered in willow chapparel, showed at intervals a stream of considerable volume, but not noisy, as is the typical brook in the mountains. It early takes on the dignity with which it bears itself later, as the most important river in Northern Wyoming. Away up here, seven thousand feet from sea level, lies the finest grass region we saw in our wanderings.

We had seen the "bunch grass," sharing the hill country with that specter of vegetation, the sage-brush. We saw cattle, sleek and round, feeding and fattening on *something*, and we swallowed the miracle in silence.

But here in this long valley was real grass,—green, luscious and thick,—thousands upon thousands of acres; and not a hoof in sight all those twenty miles. A native told us that a fly similar to the "tsetse-fly" of South Africa worries to

death cattle and horses who venture into this region.

Our last day in the mountains was ending in a drizzling rain as we drove up to a "Road Ranch," and made dripping entreaties for food and shelter. But the landlord said every corner was full, and the provision wagon was overdue, so they were short on rations, too.

"There's a shack just around that bend; you'll find it a drier place than your tent to sleep in. It ain't very stylish, but you're welcome to it."

We made a fire of pine knots in the wide, mud-plastered fireplace, our spirits mounting as the warmth within and the cold without increased. That night we indulged ourselves in a feast whose *piece de resistance* was a royal Irish stew, flanked by generous pots of hot tea. We slept like logs while an August snow storm had its own wild way with the world outside.

Next morning we began to go down into Sheridan Valley. We left a blessing, as we started, upon the only roof that had sheltered us—a blessing that would have been heartier if there had been no snake holes in the wall, no hedge-hog quills scattered under foot, and no leaks in the roof.

The snow made traveling on the down grade dangerous. At the top of the last long steep we halted to let the magnificent panorama etch itself upon our mem-

ories. Right in front, across the wide valley, were the Wolf Mountains; far in the northeast rose the Black range; to the left of us stretched the lower course of the Big Horn River, and the great canyon through which it makes its way to the Yellowstone; to the right were the hills that overlook Custer's battle-field. Above the intervening heights the Black Hills of South Dakota were plainly visible.

The Big Horn Basin was once peopled by the red men and the bison. Both are gone. The ranchman followed with his herds that vied with the bison in number. They, too, are gone. The valley soil and the mountain water await the coming of civilization. Thousands are here, but there is room and there are opportunities for millions. The agricultural resources of Wyoming are almost limitless. At the World's Fair Wyoming wheat, grown in the Sheridan Valley, took the prize against the world!

As we worry down the last incline, the Botanist develops a new accomplishment, the ability to "point" grouse. From the saddle she made six admirable points and the Hunter bagged the entire covey.

A twenty-mile drive down the valley and over low hills brought us to Sheridan, our starting point. Regretfully we bade adieu to friends, and took our last look at those steadfast mountains in whose gracious society we had spent a month of almost unalloyed delight.

## THE SUNFLOWER.

THE sunflower bows to the breath of a breeze,  
The wind waves a welcome to forest and lea,  
The leaves are astir on the tallest of trees,  
The meadows are tossing like waves of the sea.  
Yet gloomy some mortals, their heads gravely bowed,  
Bewailing their fate as the years swiftly run.  
What peace if, like sunflower, shunning the cloud,  
They'd all the day long turn their face to the sun!

Roy Farrell Greene.

## THE ANGLER'S PARADISE.

A SKETCH OF PUGET SOUND.

By HERBERT BASHFORD.

PUGET SOUND, with its various bays and inlets, its fifteen hundred miles of shore-line, and enshadowed by two great mountain ranges, is the most beautiful inland sea in all the world. Tourists who have traveled the globe over are spellbound with admiration when they look upon its sapphire waters flecked with foam flashing in the golden light of the summer sun or lying in glassy repose mirroring in its crystal depths the fire-fringed clouds of eventide.

"More sublime than the Mediterranean!" exclaim those who have sailed upon that renowned sea of the Old World. In the moonlight of an August evening when the cool breeze just ruffles its surface and the ripples lave the pebbly, shell-strewn beach like molten silver, you are earnest in the belief that you never saw it look so beautiful. Then at noon when over its blue expanse a million diamonds shimmer and sparkle and the white gulls—a veritable snowstorm—drift down through the clear, pure air, you are quite sure its wonderful beauty is more dazzling at midday. And you find yourself again wavering on this particular point when the fires of sunset and sunrise make of its broad breast a great, glowing ruby in a setting of emerald green.

Its waters abound with many kinds of fish and the somber forests along its shores with many varieties of game.

Puget Sound's salmon have a world-wide reputation and I am told on good authority that its waters possess a greater variety of these shiny beauties than can be found elsewhere. First of all comes the silver salmon, the prime favorite, with his brilliant flashing armor, followed by the Chinook, Humpback, Tye, Steel Head, Red and, lastly, the Dog with his

horrible, hooked jaw and frightful teeth—a fish held in contempt by the civilized portion of Puget Sound inhabitants, and yet often sold in the markets for "genuine silver salmon" and eaten with as much relish as if this were true.

During the spring and fall runs of salmon, the Italian, or more commonly called "dago," fishermen roam about the Sound drawing their nets here and there and frequently catching at one haul from eight hundred to a thousand fish. The true disciple of Walton skims over the water in a yacht or naphtha launch with his troll flashing behind him and his heart full of exultation as he feels that unmistakable tug on his line and beholds, a hundred feet distant, the radiant gleam of a salmon above the dancing blue, a bow of silver an instant in air, then diving to right and left to free itself from the merciless hold of the hook.

It was my pleasure to spend last summer at Springfield, a watering place on the shore of Henderson Bay which for me has an indescribable charm not unfelt by others I think, for "Uncle Than's Hotel," situated at this place, is crowded with guests from early spring till late autumn. Springfield is destined to become the leading resort of the upper Sound because of its beautiful and sightly location. The bay is about two miles across at this point and increases in width as it stretches away to the south where one sees the bold bluffs and picturesque firs of "Dead Man's Island," a dot of land of especial interest to curio seekers, being the burying-ground of the Indian tribes that formerly inhabited this region, only a few of whom now remain.

Ah, a morning on Henderson Bay! How nature spreads all her beauties before me! How fresh and invigorating

the air! The round sun rides above the fir-crowned hilltops casting fiery arrows down at the great, wakening world, and as they fall through the tangled branches of the forest they are shattered and broken and lie strewn upon the clovered earth beneath like splinters of gleaming gold. A balmy breeze, laden with the fragrant aroma of green boughs and woodland flowers growing in shady nooks, just ruffles the water of the bay, but, under the lee of the shore where the wind does not touch, a marvelous mirror, broken only by the leap of a salmon or the splash of a waterfowl, reflects gray bluffs, rocks, drooping cedars, and blue, bended sky over which small, white clouds float like foam-wreaths wafted across a deep, azure sea. Tall, dead cedars stripped of their limbs gleam like silver spears. Above my canoe a sea-gull sweeps on broad, motionless wings watching its image mirrored in the peaceful tide. A blue-jay swings to and fro on the tip of a hemlock and proclaims his joy to all. A woodpecker beats a tattoo on a rotten tree trunk. From a thicket a red squirrel utters its peculiar chatter and a chipmunk in striped suit robs the blackberry vines of their treasures and scampers away in imagined fright. The dew glitters on weed and graceful fern. High up among the topmost boughs that lean from the shore over the sparkling waters many birds sing morning anthems, and to see the

beaded branches pulse and shine one thinks those sweet bursts of rapture find their way to the heart of each dewdrop and make it quiver with ecstasy. Far away "Dead Man's Island," holding high its rugged firs, is ringed with sparkling ripples. Beyond is a great curve of shore fastened to the water by a shining belt of sand. The distant hills are robed in green. Here and there, however, a patch of gray shows the clearing of some industrious rancher and the smoke of burning log-heaps curls slowly up and lies along the crests of the wooded ridges. Farther on are the foot-hills seen through a veil of haze and, towering above in sublime grandeur, the snow-built Olympic Mountains stand wild and jagged, clean-etched against the violet sky, their broad breasts scarred by awful chasms, their icy peaks radiant and glorious—a series of wonderful, heaven-touching tents where the tired sun will fling down his lances and rest for the night after his weary journey across the



MOONLIGHT ON PUGET SOUND.

field of blue. The tide is flood and along the shore are dozens of row boats, yachts and canoes—youth and maiden breathing the pure air of morn, entranced with its loveliness and all in quest of the gamy silver salmon. All is joy and merry-making. Rippling bursts of laughter fill the deep woods with echoes.

Suddenly a shrill "Oh, I've got him, I've got him!" escapes from feminine lips. The gaze of everyone is turned to the scene of action. Two bright eyes beneath a straw hat's broad, drooping brim sparkle with animation and a girlish face grows flushed with excitement as the frightened fish darts hither and thither.

"Pull him in faster!" yells someone, and the pretty fisher springs to her feet in order to do quicker work. The boat rocks; she loses her equilibrium and grasps the side of the craft for support.

"Hurry or you'll lose him!" another admonishes, and she is fast beginning to lose control of her nerves. The line is tangled about the rudder. She regains a standing posture and pulls it in desperately, reaching for it at arm's length. An occasional glimpse of her catch, darting to the surface and showing a brilliant side, increases her agitation perceptibly. Her breath comes quick and she utters a frequent "Oh my! Oh my!" Now the line slips from her hold and she almost dives headlong over the stern of the boat to secure it.

"Don't get excited"—"Keep cool" and similar bits of advice reach her ears. She shuts her teeth firmly together. *She will have that salmon!* You can read this in the suddenly determined expression that sweeps across her face—an expression of renewed faith in herself to become the victor. Nearer to the boat she brings the fish.

"Be careful—careful!" says her youthful, broad-shouldered oarsman, as it makes a bold dart for liberty.

A few feet more, a deathly silence, and forgetful of gaff or net she lifts high over the stern the wriggling, twisting beauty of the deep, and blushing and exultant over her triumph resumes her seat as the

various onlookers break into a storm of cheers. She feels herself a heroine to a certain degree and she looks down upon the flashing salmon with an air of supreme satisfaction. No doubt this scene will be enacted a dozen times ere the big gong tells the dinner hour at "Uncle Than's Hotel."

Trolling for salmon is the most fascinating sport known to the angling fraternity of Puget Sound. It is enjoyed alike by young and old—the white-haired "grand-mama" seeming to enter into the spirit of the thing with an enthusiasm that at times is nothing less than wonderful.

During my stay at Springfield, and before the salmon run began in earnest, I very often fished for salmon-trout from the end of the long sand-spit that almost divides the bay at this point, and around which the tide sweeps with sufficient force to make a spoon spin with remarkable rapidity. It is a favorite spot for those who enjoy the music of the humming reel. On one occasion an incident occurred here that illustrates how needlessly particular are the majority of anglers over their tackle. I had been fishing for over an hour without so much encouragement as a single bite—not a bullhead's nibble, in truth—when a barefoot urchin came down the spit and, seating himself on the pebbles near me, began making preparations to try his luck. For a rod he had a long alder pole, which did not possess the redeeming quality of being reasonably straight. To the end of this was attached an unusually large line, to which was fastened a diminutive hook with a piece of red flannel tied to it. With an air of decided confidence in the merits of this crimson appendage, he threw in and expectantly awaited results. In the course of three or four minutes that old pole went high into the air, and my grimy-faced little companion had landed a four-pounder! Again he threw in, and instantly another beautiful trout was flopping upon the beach. In a short time he had caught seven, after which he threw his pole over his shoulder and went whistling about,

gathering up his trout, while I, without yet having a bite, felt like tossing my jointed rod and costly troll into the swirling current of the bay.

The many creeks and rivers emptying into the Sound are not slighted in the least by the lover of the rod, for in all these streams the brook-trout are found in plentiful numbers. To catch them, however, requires much exertion on the part of the angler, and really imposes upon him more hardship than pleasure, as the dense growth of underbrush bordering the banks of nearly all of the creeks renders his progress well nigh impossible, his worst enemy being a shrub bristling with poisonous needles known as the "Devil's Club," which, when he is about to slip from some log he is attempting to walk, seems invariably the thing he grabs to save himself. And what a painful wound those sharp little lances make!

But let us leave the bottom lands and return to the open waters of the Sound, into which one may cast his hook without suffering from the scratches of briar and bramble. During different seasons of the year the wharves of the several young cities, that have sprung up as if by magic upon the shores of this inland sea, are lined with anglers who draw

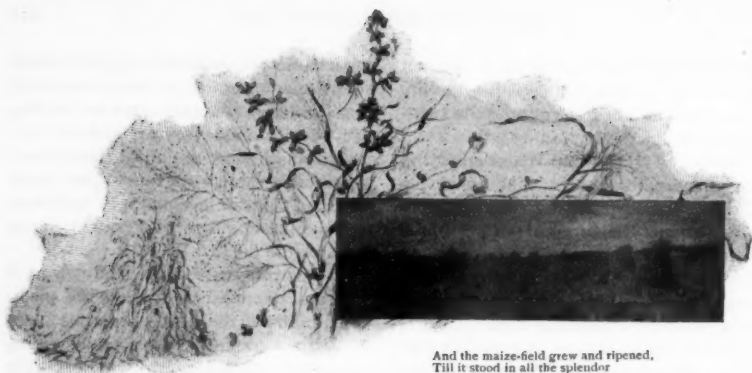
forth bass, tom, rock and ling cod, perch, sole, flounder, not to mention the variety unsuitable for table use, such as the dog-fish,—which has every appearance of a young shark, and the oil of which has a marketable value,—the rat-fish, the skate, the toad-fish, the ever hungry bullhead, and numerous other odd looking creatures of the deep.

At Point Defiance, a few miles west of Tacoma, one may see, during the pleasant months of the year, numerous boats of various sizes and descriptions riding at anchor, all laden with anglers, each intent on making the largest catch. Here are caught the huge-eyed rock cod and the halibut—a fish greatly sought after and one that brings a high price in the markets. To secure these, the hook is baited with herring, schools of which may be seen darting about through the transparent waters of the Sound, and is sunk to within a yard of the bottom, a line four hundred feet in length being necessary to attain this depth at Point Defiance. Here the fishers gather at early morn, bringing their lunches with them, and remain until the sea flames with the sunset, until the glory of the western sky fades away with the falling dusk, and the large, red stars appear above the mountain peaks.



DEAD MAN'S ISLAND, PUGET SOUND.





And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage.—LONGFELLOW

## MY CORN-FIELD.

By MINNIE STICHTER.

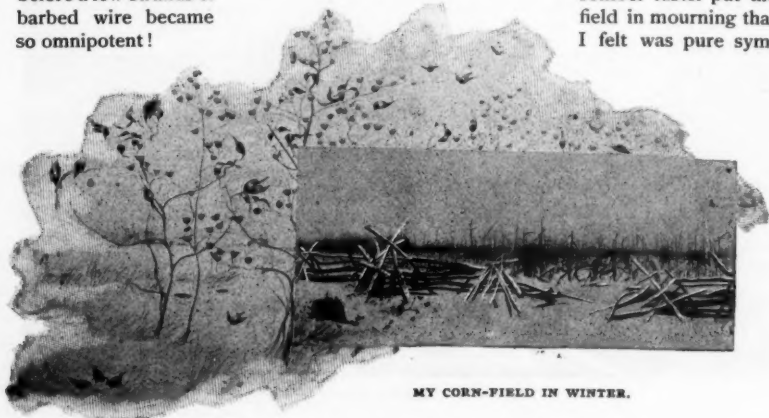
With Drawings by Alma G. White.

I ONCE had a field — made mine by long pleasuring there and by a knowledge of its secret ways and hidden treasures, known to none other. But just because I didn't have the tax receipts, a man came into that field and ploughed it up, one day. I caught him in the very act; and the Aboriginal arose in me until I felt I had been born some hundreds of years too late! Properly I should have been free to dispute with him his right to come and vandalize what I had enjoyed so long. And I should have fought as desperately as did ever an Indian for his happy hunting ground, if I had lived with my tribe before a few strands of barbed wire became so omnipotent!

Why, in ploughing up that field the man was actually ploughing up my Floridas, my mountain camp, my sea-side cottage, my summer resort,—and I must stand impotently by and see him do it!

It was early spring and the field was barren; but I could see the rosy clover, the waving timothy, the yellow daisies, the shady bowers and bird's nests,—all, all,—go down before that fatal plough, and never be as it had been through so many summers of my life.

My heart as well as the sod was being broken. I watched the plough turning back great flaps of ebony which by their somber luster put the field in mourning that I felt was pure sym-



MY CORN-FIELD IN WINTER.

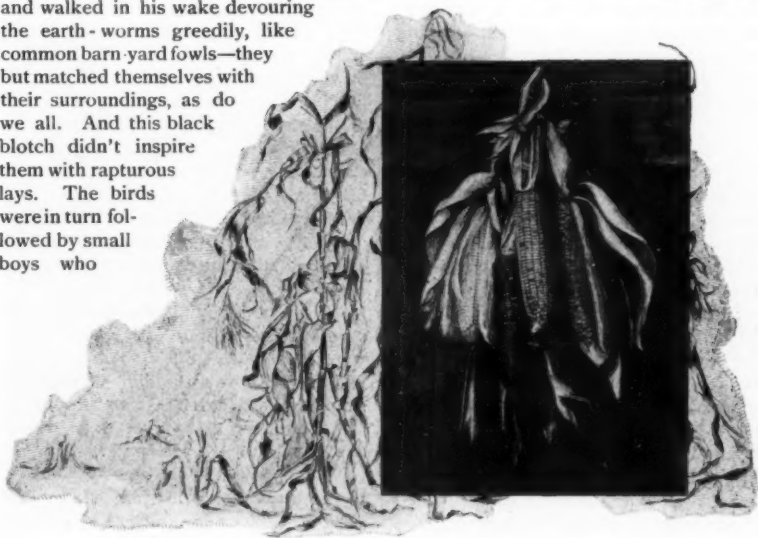


pathy with my grief. And I thought how the fair covering of the earth would never have shown that it was all lined with black but for the curse man brought upon it. Fancy how dismayed the first breadwinner must have been to find himself spreading such a pall over a fair field-face. Upon its loveliness he must have looked his last, as, sorrowing, we look upon our dead.

But the man in my field ploughed away unhindered by any such sentiments; and the birds forgot their songs and soarings and walked in his wake devouring the earth-worms greedily, like common barn-yard fowls—they but matched themselves with their surroundings, as do we all. And this black blotch didn't inspire them with rapturous lays. The birds were in turn followed by small boys who

fancied I felt with them, as in my childhood, the electric thrill that comes from actual contact with the cool earth. Never since have I known anything so soft to tread upon or so full of vital magnetism. To free the feet from prisoning shoes and get bliss and not blisters from the experience, a freshly ploughed field is the very thing, and Socrates and Trilby came very near to having their reincarnation in me that day.

But the wind was fast gnarling the ground. The man, too, had stopped



threw clods at them with a malevolence fit for such ugliness as my field of sun-kissed countenance had become. It was all very sad!

But in time I lost this feeling of resentment and deep personal loss. Being forced on to farther fields for travel and adventure, I passed this one almost daily and, before I was aware, I was sharing the full and varied life of a corn-field with enthusiasm.

It began when I saw that the boys were walking the freshly turned sod-flaps with bare feet, one feverish spring day. And I

ploughing and had begun to snarl and tear it with a harrow.

The sudden way in which soft earth turns to flint when wind-dried to my mind upsets the geologist's facts and figures and throws us back on a very literal reading of the scriptural "day."

The man next traveled over this stony waste with a hoe, making pockets into which he dropped gold coin—"treasure hid in a field." And then I saw that I should not only sow but also reap with him, each of us a harvest of gold. And this truly came to pass.

For when the man saw that his corn was full of weeds and needed ploughing, I saw how hastily nature had put a patch on the place rent in her garment by man—not of the same stuff and always showing the joining, but plainly telling of her shame in being naked before him.

While the man saw only so much corn to be uncovered, I saw the little fingers that were strained and stiffened to claw the clods from off the young shoots, and the little child who bent together like a jack-knife to do it. And I chafed because the child had not the power to turn upon the man and set him a like task—raking his hay-field with his hands, for instance. I tell you, there would be riot and bloodshed if a man had some of a child's tasks to do.

Then there was a host of "plumed knights and armed warriors" in glittering array after a "spell of fine corn weather"; and a lot of tipsy revelers after a wind storm. And there was a ball-room in which were many waltzing couples, when the corn was in "shock."

So it always was that while the man saw "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," and the number of bushels to the acre, and their price in the market, and played his part in making our State the greatest corn-producing State of the Union, I paid small heed to these things, but marveled about many others as I passed daily. My new field was walled about with the green of the growing corn except on the side of the hills. It was like a great room with exquisite green furnishings, and the peace of the "Sleeping Palace." Into the seclusion of this room I could always go when I tired of my playthings in the world outside, or when school-room hours had overworn me, or when I seemed no longer able to bear the agony that "became my changes of garment" when the "voice was still," that before, in every moment of my weakness, had said to me, "Rather than that we shall part, since we are so happily met, I will lend you one of my crutches."

The corn seemed like ranks of tall

soldiers keeping guard along the walls so that "carking care" could make no entrance there.

It was in getting to this room that I felt the Gehenna-heat of a corn-field on a midsummer day, and in going from it that I was terrorized by hearing the rattle of rain on the corn. The noise was so great that the roaring of the thunder and the rushing of the winds outside paled into absolute silence in comparison, as stars go out in the light of the sun.

Even in fine weather there were mysterious noises and alarms that made me have an uncanny feeling about going among the corn. I had thought before how safely a fugitive might hide from his pursuers in a corn-field; but now I knew that the senses would be tortured to madness by the incessant sounds and perpetual motion that to us, "out of the fear of bondage," are the "rustling" and the "waving" of the corn.

It was, too, in going to this room after autumn had come with its Midas-touch, that I saw huge nuggets of gold, not before suspected, being carted away by the pumpkin gatherers. And later there were the ethereal tides of tickle-grass, which somehow massed itself together from remotest parts of the field to go drifting to and fro with every breath of winter over the world of snow.

Then cups of the velvet weed held up to the birds of the air full measures of good things for them to feast upon; and the cattle fed upon the juicy corn stalks; and over all brooded a mystic peace undreamed of in the town, where the stained snow, and the jar and jostle of sordid selfishness, make even the sunny eyes of Hope to fill with tears.

It was in the same way that I learned that the only corn disease is "smut"; and that those stalks sick with it do not infect any other. It is such a sane, heroic way to do—even if they have lost all for themselves, not to make it any harder for others. Not to make it any harder for others, they bear alone the pain that eats into their heart of gold and changes it

into dust as black as despair. We need to be told over and over again that we can be as brave as that — because it is so much easier to vent our misery. We complain and lament and spread our infection, not because our hurt is greater than that of any other — for I take it we are all bleeding inwardly from some cause or other — but because we wont make the effort to shake off sackcloth and ashes and

robe ourselves in a determination to be brave and happy.

Standing for the last time beside this field before the ripened corn was gathered, I saw that every stalk fulfilled a plan and purpose in its life by bearing bravely up, each at least one heavy, golden ear. And I could not help hoping that to the Lord of our harvest, the reason for our being is as plain — as plain and as kind.



From Photo by J. F. Lewis, Riverton, Iowa.

### A SUMMER SCENE.

CLEAR and cool the rippling water in the little brook,  
 Blue and round the shining pebbles 'neath the surface look.  
 Keen and bright the slanting sunbeams search each shady nook,  
 Mark with changing light and shadow every turn and crook,

*Carrie M. Bowen.*

## A TRIP TO THE MOON.

BY COL. A. G. HATRY.

With Illustrations from Photos taken on the Trip.

**A**LTHOUGH our celestial satellite is not "in it," yet when his pale light falls on the restless waters of the beautiful Moon River of Ontario, on a clear night, with stars shining brightly, and now and then a star shooting through the air, the effect of moonlight on Moon River scenery is charming.

This river is a stream about eighteen miles long, a branch of the Muskosh River, which flows into the Georgia Bay of Lake Huron. The Muskosh is the

and timber rafts into Georgia Bay, while the Moon is utterly unnavigable for anything except the canoe. There are eighteen falls or rapids in as many miles, all beautiful and picturesque. For woodland scenery and rocky crags, it is surpassed by no river on the North American Continent. The country adjacent, to the north, is entirely unexplored; the forests are in their primitive state; not a tree is cut, and for miles upon miles no human being ever trod the soil. The wolf, bear

and deer live there unmolested. There is no habitation or town on its banks, yet it is visited every summer by many who delight in camping, hunting and fishing.

The climate from June to October is unsurpassed in daytime, and cool enough at night to sleep under a thick woolen blanket. The smell of the pine and hemlock, and the air at an altitude of one thousand five hundred feet above sea level, are bracing and healthful.

For a camping trip to this country, the tourist makes his start from the



OUR FIRST CAMP ON THE MOON RIVER.

main stream, and the outlet of the Muskoka Lakes, and it also flows into the bay about forty miles below the mouth of the Moon. The Muskosh is the much larger stream, and is used in floating logs

City of Toronto, Ontario, where he supplies himself with the proper camping, hunting and fishing outfit, provisions and other supplies. It is advisable to take with him his rod and gun, as there is no duty

to pay. He takes the morning Muskoka express on the Grand Trunk Railway, and arrives at Muskoka wharf in the afternoon, where the steamer awaits him.

Lake Muskoka is a beautiful body of water, full of small islands, with small summer cottages on them, occupied mostly by residents of Toronto and other Canadian cities, though quite a number are owned by citizens from the United States. Bala Falls is the extreme end of the lake; you reach there about 6 p. m., ready for a good supper at Hotel Currie.

It is advisable for the tourist to remain here a day or two in order to acclimate himself and get a good ready for the start down the river. A guide and a canoe must be provided; two persons with their camping equipage is all the canoe will carry.

A party of three, with two guides and three canoes, started down to the Georgia Bay *via* the Muskosh and Moon Rivers from Bala Falls one bright July morning about 6 o'clock, all happy in anticipation of a good time, our canoes all loaded and ready, with our genial host, Tom Currie, looking after everything, particularly the supplies and provisions. "Boys," said the landlord, "you won't find any hotels down in that country." He bade us farewell as we pushed our canoes from the shore, and the frail crafts shot out into the stream under the strong arms of our guides as they plied the paddles. We were soon gliding down the placid Muskosh. There is but little to be seen until

you reach Moon Chute; at this point the Muskosh makes a great bend and forms a rapids, rushing down over rocks and falls, the length perhaps a half mile. This is called Raggety Rapids,



MOUTH OF THE MOON RIVER—COLONEL HATRY AND HIS CANOE.

and is rightfully named. Long before you reach these rapids, the stream becomes very swift, and the guides keep their canoes close to the opposite shore, which widens into a beautiful bay. An artificial chute has been blasted out of the solid rock at the head of these rapids to allow the passage of logs for the lumbermen. At the beginning of this chute is a high rock upon which is planted a cross, and the guide shows you where a tourist ventured with his bride into these rapids. Their bodies were found a few days afterwards horribly mangled in the stream below, the canoe broken into splinters like kindling wood. The cross is put there to commemorate the event.

As we round the point in the bay, we land for our first portage. Some of these

portages are from one-fourth to a mile long, and it is very laborious work to cross them; but it is good exercise and gives you a good appetite for your meals. Moon Chute portage is short, perhaps a third of a mile, with a delightful spring of clear water, cold as ice, and never failing. It is now noon, and, as we have all our stuff carried over, our guides start their fires to prepare our dinner. We have but little time to wait, as the guides have again loaded the canoes, and off we start.

We now enter the Moon River, leaving the Muskosh to the left. The scenery here is beautiful, the water has cut a deep gorge through the rocks and the vast pine forests make their appearance. As you proceed down the river, you soon encounter several portages in quick succession, and find it at first hard work unloading and loading the canoe and carrying the luggage and outfit over these rocks and rapids. The guides are accustomed to this work; they step from rock to rock as surely as if they were on the level ground; not so with the tourist, for every once in a while down he goes over some rock or into the water. Fortunately rocks are not steep nor is the water deep. As we cross the fifth portage, the sun begins to set, and we get ready for our first night's camp. When a good spot is found we land and the guides soon have the tents up and fire started.

I proposed to have some fish for supper, and with rod and canoe I went to the rapids near our camp, and in a few casts had enough fish for the entire party.

The fish are soon in the pan and cooked ready for supper and eaten with much relish, as fish eaten fresh from the water are entirely different in flavor from those bought at home in our markets when they are a week old. Supper over, our beds, of hemlock boughs cut fresh from the trees, covered with blankets, look very inviting, but we sit around the camp-fire spinning yarns. The guides tell of many adventures in these regions. Finally, tired out, we seek our rest and are soon asleep. Such sleep! so refreshing! — nothing like it. You feel the strength and vigor com-

ing to you, and when morning comes you are sorry you cannot sleep longer, but you cannot linger here if you wish to get to the bay by night; so our guides call us at 5 A. M.

While we were loading our canoes, we heard voices from the river. We found a party coming up the stream; this party with two Indian guides had preceded us several days. They said they had had the misfortune to upset in the swift current of the stream and lost most of their provisions and were almost starved. Of course we supplied their wants and sent them on their way to Bala.

In this connection I would remark that Indian guides are not desirable; they are not companionable, besides they dislike work. The native Canadian guide is much to be preferred.

We finished loading our canoes and proceeded on our journey. Strange to say, one of our canoes, paddled by my two companions, also upset as it reached the current in the river where the other party had met with their misfortune. As the canoe contained only themselves and as they were good swimmers, no harm was done. The canoe was caught by the guides; we were obliged to land and dry our friends, and then proceeded on our way.

As we get farther down the river the stretches are larger and the portages shorter, — a very welcome fact, as you get tired of packing and unpacking. As you glide along through this wilderness a deer will occasionally swim across the river in front of you, and others will look very shy from the bank, and rush back to the woods. The game law forbids shooting in summer time, and hence these beautiful animals are presumably secure. The porcupine abounds in this region. As we cross one of these portages, an old she porcupine with her family has possession of one of the rocks and is not the least alarmed at our approach. These animals are never molested by the natives or native dogs, but strange dogs jump at them and the result is their noses and bodies are filled with the quills of this fretful animal.



About 4 P. M. on the second day we reached Moon Harbor, the mouth of the river, a harbor in the Georgia Bay. It is a very delightful place, and usually has many campers on its shores. We now proceeded down the harbor in search of a camping spot, as it was the intention of our party to remain at least ten days in this vicinity. I had camped for several years previous on one of these islands, about three miles down the harbor.

There are hundreds of islands, but many are unfit for camp. I had become much attached to one particular island, an ideal camping spot, owing to its high ground, good location and excellent fishing. The bass and pickerel seemed to play around the deep water of its rocky shores. I had named it Bass Island. It is owned by the Canadian government, and is therefore free to camp on. Fortunately it was unoccupied, and we took possession. These islands are small, scarcely larger than one or two acres, and are covered with pine and hemlock timber, and, when undisturbed by fire, make a delightful resort.

Our guides soon had our tents in place and supper ready, and a large fire burning on the rock, as the nights are cold in this section of the country during summer. Here on one of these islands no one can disturb you; you are secure from man and beast. The small red squirrel is the only inhabitant, except the birds, and of these nearly all kinds known in this country are to be found.

An early start is always preferred by the expert fisherman, and, as we had one in our party, it was expected he would catch the largest fish the first day; but when the canoes came back it was found that our expert had caught but few bass, while our amateur fisherman had caught a fine four-pound bass, a rare thing, the weight of the average fish caught being from two to three pounds. Fishing at this season is good; the black bass, as



COLONEL HATRY'S ISLAND CAMP IN MOON HARBOR, GEORGIA BAY.

all sportsmen know, are very gamy and hard to catch, and a large four-pound bass is rare sport to land safely into your canoe.

Camp life is much the same every day,—fishing, eating, telling yarns, a paddle among the various islands in the bay, and trips to the main land for provisions and mail,—and the days pass in quick succession.

Our stay nearing its end, our party concluded to return home by a new route, by way of a chain of lakes which



extend from the bay to the north arm of the Muskoka Lake. This route had been but little traveled; a part of it had never been passed over, and it was rather a hazardous undertaking. Our guides before starting found a lumber camp some miles down the bay, and from these lumbermen obtained the necessary information to enable them to undertake the task; but they did so under protest, as there was much danger and hard work

Healey Lake are very dark, with large mouth. By noon, after a long search, we find the portage through the timber; this is the longest portage of the trip, being nearly a mile long, to reach Birch or Dead Lake. This small body of water is clear and deep, and yet there are no fish of any kind in it.

I came across the portage with the guides, with a canoe, Winchester rifle and fishing tackle, and remained on the banks

of Birch Lake while the guides returned for another load and the other canoes. Left alone, sitting on a fallen tree watching the playful squirrels, I was alarmed by an unearthly scream. Starting to my feet, I grabbed my Winchester and walked along the bank to find from whence the noise came. A second scream startled me. It proved to proceed from the throat of a large wild-cat, on a rock up the bank some five hundred feet distant. My first impulse was to shoot, but on second thought I made up my mind not to



LOST LAKE, VISITED BY COLONEL HATRY'S PARTY.

connected with such an undertaking. All preparations ready, we broke camp on a fine, bright August morning; the canoes loaded, with much regret we turned our faces homeward. From our island a paddle of perhaps a mile brings you to a small creek, which we ascended to a point where the ground rises, and we have a portage of a half mile to Healey, or Six-mile Lake. This lake abounds with bass, pickerel, perch and rock bass. The bass of Georgia Bay are of a greenish color, with small mouth, while those of

molest the animal unless he should attack me. It was well I did, for in a few moments a second cat appeared. They were mates. I kept out of their sight, satisfied I could not handle two wild-cats, even with a Winchester rifle and myself a fair shot. After some fifteen minutes, I heard the guides approaching and the wild-cats disappeared, much to my satisfaction, as I was very uneasy, not to say frightened. The guides thought I did well not to shoot, for had I done so they would certainly have

given me a hard battle, as they are very vicious.

\* Without any further adventure that day we reached the head of Crane Lake, a large and clear body of water, and camped on its banks for the night. This is a wild and rough region, where the wolf and bear hold high carnival. We could hear the bark of wolves through the night, and they came very close to our quarters, but a bright fire kept them off.

We remained several days at this camp, as the fishing in Crane Lake is very fine, consisting of pickerel and muskallonge. To catch a large "lunge" is rare sport; these fish run from eight to forty pounds, and when once one is fairly hooked it takes fine work to land him. The water of this lake is clear and green in color, while that of the other lakes is dark, the color of tan-bark.

We broke camp on the fourth day, and passed through Blackstone and Bass Lakes. We had yet one more lake to pass before reaching Lake Joseph. Our

information as to how to reach this lake was defective, and, after many fruitless attempts to get the right direction, we finally crossed a point of land about half a mile in length, only to find a low, marshy lake. We became satisfied we were wrong; in fact we were lost; but we decided to paddle to the end of this lake and land and send out one of our guides to explore the country for the proper course. Our guide came back with the report that we were about a mile off our course. It was a hard portage through the rough timber with our canoes and luggage, and when we reached and crossed the right lake and had our camp pitched, we were a tired set of tramps. This was the hardest day's work of our trip, and we rested here one day. The rest of the trip down Lake Joseph to Redwood and across to the north branch of the Muskoka to Bala was uneventful, and we reached there in good health and spirits in time for supper, after an absence of three weeks.

## AN AUGUST LULLABY.

SO TENDERLY, so broodingly,  
 The happy summer day  
 Lies o'er the peaceful August fields;  
 The wind has died away;  
 The leaves that all so gaily danced  
 Throughout the breezy morn  
 Are quiet; there's no rustle heard  
 From fields of ripening corn;  
 So tenderly, so broodingly,  
 Blue skies their vigils keep;  
 The bees are humming drowsily,—  
 Then hush, my baby, sleep!

*Bertha E. Bush.*

## NEWPORT ON THE PACIFIC.

BY FLORENCE MCKINNIE.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.



AWAY across the Continent, through mountain passes, down mighty chasms where "rolls the Oregon" and up the beautiful blue Willamette, we strike the trail that leads to the summer resort of the West. The old stage road over the coast range of mountains has disappeared and the Oregon Pacific trains climb the long slopes, while far below in the gorges are occasional glimpses of sheep ranchers' cabins, with little patches of garden, and towering everywhere the sentinel firs.

Soon our train seems floating in the mists. We are upon the crests of the furthestmost watershed of the Pacific. Below are fairylands of fog, alabaster air-wraiths spanning the valleys, columns of fragrant, resinous moisture that insure the eternal verdure of these hills. As we

rapidly whirl down the grades we cut off the jutting hills of sandstone with short tunnels, hardly long enough to allow of exacting the customary lover's tribute.

We now lunge over scores of trestles, some at dizzy heights, and below us creeps the blackest stream that ever flowed oceanward. The Yaquina is called by the Indians the "Black Water." Its inky streams can be traced far into the bay of the same name. Only the generous Pacific, whose waves wash the skins of races of every color, could receive such an Ethiopian among waterways. The fabled River Styx could hardly be blacker than the stream down which we are winding.

A twenty-four hours' ride carries the traveler from the sandstorms and alkali dust-laden airs of the desert regions east of the Cascade Mountains to these aromatic hills of the coast. The pretty tug "Resolute" takes us across from Yaquina City to Newport proper, a quaint semicircle of hills circling around from the southeast, ending in a mile of jetty extending into the ocean. The eye rests on the last bit of land, surmounted by the old government lighthouse, with the feeling that we are at the New World's jumping off place.

What a delightful change! We left the valley that morning in a sweltering August heat. As we approach the Pacific, wraps are needed. Across the bay we wear our ulsters, and at night the wide, blazing fireplaces at the hotel throw out an agreeable warmth and mingle the roar of their open throats with that of the surf on the beach. A hearty dinner of rock oysters, razorback clams, crab salad and other coast delicacies and the tired children drop off to sleep while we listen to fishermen's tales of the day's catch

out over the bar, the latest bit of 'Frisco steamer news and an account of a sealer arrived from Alaska.

In the morning we start out to hunt a cottage for a month's stay at the seashore. We soon find a commodious one of "two rooms and all modern conveniences." A front room papered in the latest shade of wall-paper; the dining-room, kitchen and wood-shed combined in one, with ceiling and sidebeams of solid oak. This is one of the finest cottages built for rent here at Newport, and we consider ourselves in luck. We take immediate possession, and here at "Hawkeye Lodge" we banish all care and proceed to take our month of pure enjoyment.

How to carry impressions of homelike comforts and any of the elegancies of city life to the seaside and yet reside in a rustic board cottage is one of the problems only solved by woman's ingenuity. The bare cottage is soon transformed by mysterious decorative processes. A few pictures and prints, a doily here and a

napkin there. Even the much abused tidies that led a precarious existence at home here become actually useful. How a trunk can be converted into a wardrobe, a shed kitchen into a colonial dining room and a lean-to into a reception room, must be seen to be understood.

All around us are cottages owned for the most part by well-to-do business people of the valley cities, whose families come here to spend a month to three months every year, and before every porch spreads the blue expanse of the majestic Pacific, or the calmer beauty of the bay. Steep roads lead down from the hills to the single street, lined on both sides with stores, saloons, fish and vegetable markets, etc. Farther up the bay are "additions," where by the insweeping tides of summer resorters, the quarter-sections of the original squatters have been converted into valuable town lots. A Swedish sea captain who came here at an early day has reserved a large square of his government entry and



VIEW OF NEWPORT ON THE PACIFIC.

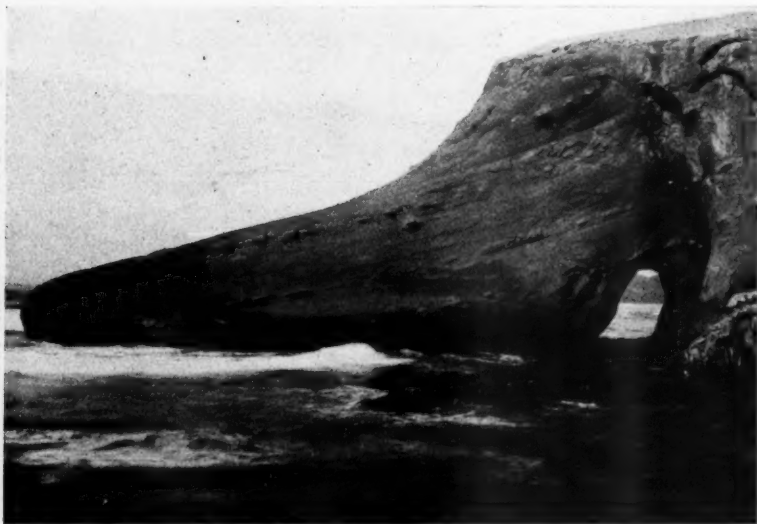
planted on it a capacious country home. In front of it rises a flagstaff, and on Sunday morning the proprietor, dressed in a suit of navy blue, hoists the flag, which flies until sunset. From his door he can watch the tides as they come and go, and away out over the bar is the grand old ocean, his first love.

A pretty view of the bay is here disclosed. In the foreground is a stunted tree, its top killed by the salt vapors borne in by the sea. Far away looms up Table Mountain, its top clad in snow even in August. Below are the screaming gulls and the wide foam tracks of the seething tides.

Our nearest neighbors are the occupants of "Honeysuckle Cottage," the family of a Portland merchant. Though originally designed for a family of two or three, this cottage is now made to do service for a baker's dozen, and there is always room for one more when a friend arrives on an evening boat. There is probably more genuine happiness crowded within its narrow and low walls than can be found in any of the pretentious cottages in that other Newport on the At-

lantic Coast. A jolly matron with her romping little ones, all brown as the half-ripe, clustering salal-berries that grow down to the edge of the tide, they bathe, fish, wade and ramble, knowing no care but how to reach the cottage in time for the meals that a faithful helper heaps high from the redundant stores of sea and land.

The event of the day at Newport is the arrival of the tug with passengers from the train. Old and young all turn out at this time to see who comes in. The wife and babies are there to meet the husband and father, who perhaps has left his business for a few days' recreation with his loved ones. The young lady comes to meet her sweetheart. Even the little yellow dog is there with his reassuring wag of the tail. And the hotel runner must not be forgotten, with his cheery "Right this way for so and so," ready to carry anything he can lay his hands on from babies to bandboxes. For a time this little seaport town assumes an air quite metropolitan. All is hurry and confusion. Some of the visitors will go to the hotel, others look up a place to camp,



"JUMP-OFF JOE."



LION ROCK, NEWPORT, OREGON.

many find friends and some take cottages. The teamsters vie with one another as to who shall have the largest load ; and so it goes.

The principal occupation of the summer visitor at Newport is scouring the beach along the bay for water agates. The water agate is a small clam petrified into a clear stone with a drop of water in the center. These bring a good price and as curios are much sought after by young and old alike. At any time of day one can see "water-agate fiends" bent nearly double, stick in hand, pushing aside the pebbles with the one object of finding this rare stone. No miner ever searched for gold more eagerly. Even the Indians have caught the craze. I met one old Indian with a beautiful agate which he offered for twenty dollars.

There are also many beautiful stones, pebbles and carnelians. Although not as much of a curiosity, they are more beautiful than the water agate. No mat-

ter how full the trunk when it comes to Newport, there is always room for a half bushel or more of these pebbles on the return trip. As I stood by while the baggageman was lifting my trunk off the boat I heard the remark, "More stones than agates in that trunk."

Children find much amusement in watching the little crabs that hide under the stones when the tide is going out. But, alas for the barefoot boy if the little fellows get a bite at his toe ! These crabs grow to be from six inches to a foot in diameter and have a meat finer and whiter than the breast of a chicken.

What can be finer than an early morning at the seaside ! Stepping out of your cottage you breathe a delicious atmosphere, heavily charged with the scent of myriad flowers, the musky odor of the fern, the balsam of the fir, and the rich resin of the spruce trees. Mingled through it all is the presence of the salt sea air, whose mysterious influence is indescribable.

White and purple foxglove, the fringed purple gentian, sweet clovers and a variety of flowering shrubs and wild fruits add their quota of color and odor, while on every side rise the hills clad in eternal verdure and sentried over by a standing army of dead, branchless trunks from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet high.

Indian legends tell that a hundred years ago a mighty fire swept the coast range from the Columbia River to Coos Bay, leaving death in its track, and the charred trunks alone remain to tell the story. These blackened reminders of one of nature's tragedies tell of a time when no human being could have survived, when all game became extinct and the land had to be planted anew from the lavish hand of nature. The country is now covered with a second growth of timber. This in contrast with the original forest gives it a strange look. In the hills and valleys are found deer and bear, and the brooks are full of trout.

A day can pleasantly be spent visiting the Siletz Indian reservation. This extends about thirty miles along the coast north of Yaquina and east to the summit

of the coast range, with the Grand Ronde, a small reserve, just over the mountains. Here are the remaining representatives of those warlike tribes that made a battle-field of Southern Oregon from 1851 to 1856.

Here at Newport no famous belles or society leaders sport on the beach, but we ran upon an original inhabitant grinning like a wicker basket, and when I deliberately proceeded to embalm her beauty in a snap-shot she spoiled it all by poking her by no means regal Cleopatra-like features right up to the camera! We finally induced her to keep her distance and her grin, while the landlord's bird dog assisted us in pointing the game. The Alsea Indians, after whom Alsea Bay south of here is named, are the last remnant of a perishing race, and have their picturesque village in a secluded cove on this bay.

Here we have a huge rock projecting out into the ocean and formed something like an aligator's head. Someone of a romantic turn of mind has given it the name of "Jump-off Joe." As we approach it from the south we get a glimpse



AN ALSEA BEAUTY SITTING FOR HER PICTURE.



of Cape Foulweather and the lighthouse in the distance.

A few miles north of Newport and a little way back from the beach is "Big Creek." In days gone by this was a favorite resort for campers. The romantic name of "Big Creek" has recently been changed to Monterey, a fine hotel has been built and every summer it is filled with visitors.

Away from the noisy crowds at Newport, in a secluded valley protected by a fine natural grove of fir trees from the winds ever blowing from the ocean, what can be more delightful! In the evening we gather around a fire in the big fire-place. How it crackles! It is made of the huge logs of driftwood which the waves throw up on the beach. What a suggestion of open, large-hearted hospitality such a fire-place is! In the corner is a great pile of extra logs awaiting their turn at the carnival dancing in the fire-place.

The historic point of land called Cape Foulweather is known to the geography classes of all lands under the sun. It was sighted and recorded by all the early Pacific Coast navigators. About twenty years ago a lighthouse was here erected. So great is the violence of storms in winter that the spray of the waves dashes its light one hundred and fifty feet above the water line. From the lantern, trailing lines of smoke are visible where the English wheat ships, Panama steamers, and Puget Sound ocean-racers for the Orient come and go on their long voyages. At our feet lie masses of black rock, one rising in form like a mighty lion resting on the water and quietly gazing seaward. Foulweather light is five miles from Newport. Half this distance affords us a fine drive on the beach. A drive of a few miles farther brings us to Otter Rock. It is named after several low-lying reefs a mile at sea, famous as a resort of the sea otter, whose skins range in value from \$150 to \$1,000. One fabulous animal of this



"A pretty view of the Bay is here disclosed."

species which, either from a freak of nature or from old age, is pure white, has been seen by many hunters but cannot be captured. All efforts to take the white otter have proven unavailing and the wary beast is seen only at rare intervals sleeping between the swells far out at sea, scarcely distinguishable from the foam on the breaker and only discerned by the hunter's practiced eye when aided by a field glass. This animal's skin would bring its weight in gold.

This cape is really Cape Foulweather proper, the original discovery of the first navigators of the Pacific. It is a most dangerous reef, and projects two miles to sea. The scenery is wildly romantic, with beetling cliffs, sheltered coves where Indians launch their dug-outs, the fir-clad mountains rising abruptly from the breakers. Here is a mighty cylindrical tunnel, bored into the rock by the waves, called the "Devil's Kettle," and inside it every pebble is coated with a slippery sea-weed that renders the footing treacherous. The walls of this maritime cauldron, where the witches of the wave hold their weird

gambols at high tide, are as smooth as though of chiseled stone. The kettle proper is one hundred and fifty feet deep, and nearly forty feet in diameter. When the tide is out, two entrances appear below, and through one of them an immense ship's spar has been wafted from an unknown craft, wrecked on the Pacific.

The weeks fly with magic swiftness here. Our month by the sea was nearing its close. Before we went back to our valley home the first autumn storm of the North Pacific coast was upon us. Three days the sea raved as only the Pacific can

rave. Its endless swells seem to well out of immensity, and their wailings, groanings and gnashings are sublime in their agony. When the storm is over, the beaches are strewn with the life of wave and deep. Sea birds and sea lions are left lifeless on the sands. On the north beach lies a great Arctic whale, over one hundred feet long in the clear.

Voting Newport the ideal haven for the summer resorter, yet, the sad sea's roar, the endless roll of the long breakers, the ceaseless drift of storm-clouds, the monotony of mist and fog, are gladly exchanged for cheerful firesides.

## VIEWS ON THE VOLGA.

BY OC. C. COLE.

"BIG ROCK" on the Volga River is a popular resort for students of the Upper Iowa University and for dwellers in Northeastern Iowa. The view given below pictures the Volga about a mile by air line, and about two and a half

miles following the windings of the river, northeast of the university town of Fayette. The view is taken below the bluff, and the "Big Rock," which has given this locality its name, is situated on the right bank of the river, which at this



BIG ROCK, NEAR FAYETTE.

point runs nearly west. Just below, it makes a quarter circle to the right and thence northward for a mile, when it describes another quarter circle, the left bank being a steep bluff from seventy-five to a hundred feet high, making an amphitheater of immense proportions overlooking a valley of rare picturesqueness.

The famous rock cut, also pictured, is west of the west end of the switch at the depot in Fayette. The wagon bridge seen in the view is sixty-five feet above the railroad track. This cut cost the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company \$80,000. The extent of this cut will surprise many Eastern readers who think of Iowa as a dead level or rolling prairie. This cut was blasted from almost solid rock for a dis-



ROCK CUT, FAYETTE.



SCENE ON THE VOLGA.

tance of five hundred feet through what is termed the "hog's back." On the east side lies a beautiful valley, in which is located the town of Fayette. On the west side is another valley, through which winds the tortuous Volga.

The third view represents a scene a half mile east of Fayette, beyond which,

and on a level with the highest point in the picture, lies a beautiful and rich area of farm land.

This entire region affords a variety of picturesque scenery than which no more beautiful can be found between the two great rivers of the Middle-West.



## SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

HOW TO ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN THEM—A SUPERINTENDENT'S PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY S. K. STEVENSON.

AS THE State grows older society becomes more complex. And in proportion to the complexity of our society is the responsibility of our public schools increased. To meet and satisfy the needs of our restless and heterogeneous society the school must adapt and use those agencies which will make its work most efficient and enable it to do the most, morally, intellectually and physically for the citizens that are to be.

Experience has proven that as an adjunct to school work the library will yield as large dividends, for time and money expended, as any agency that can be employed in establishing character, instilling patriotism, preparing the child for self-education, and inculcating a love for good reading.

"The end of education is character." This truth is sometimes overlooked by the teacher in her desire to try new methods, to make her pupils proficient in arithmetic and grammar and to have it said that her pupils are the best drilled children in the township. Even the best of teachers, because of the many classes to be heard, can not always find time to devote to character building and the development of right-mindedness in her pupils that their welfare demands. Char-

acter is a matter of growth and is moulded and shaped by the precepts and acts of the teacher. If to the daily precepts and upright deeds of the teacher can be added the silent influence of the lives of heroic men, as set forth in a few works of biography that could be supplied in every school library, an immeasurable influence for good would be at work in that school. "Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if, investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble; if you are ignorant they can not laugh at you."

The State taxes the citizens to support the public school. It does this for self-protection. And the citizen who supports the school with his money has a right to expect that the school will send out from its doors those who are filled with a patriotic love for country, those into whose lives has been instilled the true spirit of our American institutions, those who are fitted to become intelligent American citizens. The world to-day, as always, needs broad-minded men, men who have breadth of vision, men who can see be-

yond the narrow confines of home, of party, of creed, and can recognize truth in doctrines different from their own.

In many homes there is a dearth of reading matter, or of reading matter of a kind suitable to the child's needs. How shall this lack of suitable reading matter be supplied? The answer is, "In school libraries."

It is the province of the school to raise the moral and intellectual standard of the community. In other words, it should give the children of the community higher ideals.

"To live for common things is to be common;  
The highest faith still makes the highest  
man;

For we grow like the things our souls be-  
lieve,

And rise or sink as we aim high or low."

And yet it is true, as State Superintendent Sabin says, that in many districts "Apathy, ignorance and indifference brood like a thick cloud over the entire community." In these districts the children pursue the same monotonous round week after week, year after year. They exist but do not *live* in the full sense of the word, for, "he lives most who thinks most." They think very little and mechanically perform the duties their fathers have done. They in truth have "grown like the things their souls believe." These children have no ideals. They know nothing of the outside world or of their relation to it. Their "district" is the universe to them. And there are more such districts and such people than some would have us believe. In such a community let a small school library be started. In this place a few books; "some of travel, in which without stirring from their rural homes they may explore well nigh every region under the sun; some of natural history, which will make every object that lies around them in field and river, in woodland and mountain teem with interest"; some of biography in which they can live over again the struggles and victories of our great men; some of history in which they can read of the battles on land and

sea, and of the sacrifices made and victories won for liberty and truth. And mark the change on the boys and girls in that community. Instead of indifference and apathy all are interested. A new and wider horizon has opened for these pupils. They have ideals now to live for and to seek to attain but up to this time they had only been drifting, for "life without an ideal is but an aimless dream." As a result of this school library the latent power of some boy or girl will be awakened and they will live to be a blessing to society and the State.

Thoughtful educators tell us that there is not the close union between the home and school that should exist in order to reap the highest results; that the training of the home does not supplement and continue the work of the school. The school library promises to be a missing link between the school and the home. For the children can by taking home a book from the library carry on the work that the teacher has started in the school-room. As the child becomes interested in these books and seeks to investigate things for himself, the parent will be consulted and, governed by the rule that parents are very generally interested in the things their children are, the parents will become more interested in the work of the school. As a result of the library a double good will be accomplished, the child will be led to investigate for himself and the parent will become more interested in the work of the school. And experience has proved that whatever tends to arouse an interest in the school on the part of parents is of value.

How shall we keep the older boys in school? This is a question that has puzzled many teachers. Far too many of our boys when they near the age of fifteen drop out of school. They drop out just at a period when they most need the aid and discipline of a good school. They are in a transition stage passing from boyhood to manhood. Their habits are not fixed and their minds are open to every influence.

Why do these boys not remain in school? When carefully analyzed, at least a partial answer to this question will be found in the statement that in many schools there is little to interest the average boy of fifteen. He has gone over his fifth reader, his arithmetic and speller until his soul is sick of them. If, now, a library were placed in the school containing works suitable to this boy's age — on natural science, on history, biography and travel — would not more interest be manifested in school work and fewer boys leave the school until the proper age? And would not thousands of dollars be saved that are now expended annually in maintaining schools that are attended only by a half-dozen or dozen pupils? Would not many boys who now leave school, wander away from home and join the ever increasing body of human parasites known as tramps, be kept in school until they had learned the dignity of labor and in time grow up to become useful members of society?

Children will read, and if they cannot get good books they will read trashy novels. It is a lamentable fact that the country is literally flooded with literature that poisons the mind and destroys the character of the child who reads it. How shall this devastating flood of pernicious reading matter be stopped, "except by the expulsive power of a new affection"? And this new affection must be aroused by the reading of good and pure books. Instead of surrounding the child with a wall of "don'ts" would it not be wiser to place before him a little library containing the lives of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and Grant; the travels of Livingston, Stanley, Du Chaillu and Whitman; "Robinson Crusoe," "The Boys of '76," and "The Green Mountain Boys," and say to the child, read these books, you will find them more interesting than any cheap novel or sensational story paper?

No earnest teacher is fully satisfied with results attained from purely text-book work. The text-book from its very nature is but an epitome of the subject

treated and as a result is often uninteresting to the child. This is especially true of history and geography. If, in addition to the text-books, a few works on travel and biography should be placed in the school, new interest will thus be awakened and what was dreary plodding will now be a journey of pleasure and profit to the pupil, whose interest has been aroused by reading of countries filled with living people, and of the struggles of men and nations to gain liberty and independence.

It is the province of the school to prepare the pupil for self-education. The text-book facts learned at school are soon forgotten, but the habits learned, the tastes formed in school are the things we carry with us through life and determine whether we shall go on seeking and acquiring knowledge in the great school of the world, or whether we shall go through life mere memory machines, unable to think, to investigate, to reason for ourselves. Sir John Herschel gives this testimony: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading." How important then that this taste for reading, this broad foundation for self-education and self-help be established while the child is in the school! The school library with its few volumes of well selected books is, I believe, the most available means with which to inculcate a taste for good reading.

The school library is then a necessity in the school-room to help in character building; to instill patriotism; to give broader ideals and prepare for true citizenship; to unite the work of the home and the school and to awaken an interest in the school on the part of its patrons; to teach pupils how to become intelligent readers; to offset the effects of the flashy novel and the sensational story paper; to give pupils better means for acquiring



knowledge; to supplement text-book work; and to lay the foundation for self-education.

Such are some of the things the school library will do for the promotion of school work. What has been done along this line of work? From a circular letter sent to the ninety-nine county superintendents of Iowa, the following facts were collected concerning school libraries: Thirty-five counties report that the school library movement has been definitely organized. This leaves sixty-three counties in which rural school libraries have not been established. In Iowa there are 1,013 libraries, containing a total of 151,904 volumes. As to what can be accomplished in this direction by earnest effort and to show the interest manifested in this work by teachers and patrons, I give the report from a few counties: Superintendent Moyer, of Cass County, reports 84 libraries established, with a total of 3,500 volumes. Superintendent Eva Gregg, of Cherokee County, reports 132 libraries established, with 1,650 volumes. This work has been done in the past two years and shows conclusively that the people will support this movement if properly appealed to.

The school law of the State provides that the electors of a district may at the annual meeting vote a tax for the purpose of securing a school library. Very few districts have taken advantage of this provision. In the circular sent out to county superintendents, above alluded to, the following question was asked: "Would the amending of the school law giving boards power to purchase school libraries with money drawn from contingent fund be beneficial to our schools?" The unanimity of the answers to this question was a surprise. Of the eighty-five county superintendents answering the circular, eighty answered the question in the affirmative. As many of these men have had years of experience in school work, their opinions are of great value on this subject and I give here a few of the many affirmative answers to this question.

Superintendent Wernli: "Yes, it would bring the libraries into existence in every sub-district."

Superintendent Burton: "It certainly would. Had that been the law I would have had libraries in most every school district."

Superintendent McCord: "It would; if the legislature will give school boards power to purchase libraries, I will put one hundred in this county inside of ninety days."

Superintendent Moyer: "Yes, it is the thing to do. And yet I think the matter is working splendidly in this county now."

Of the five negative replies I quote one. It expresses the views of the five superintendents not in favor of the proposition. Superintendent Stallcop says: "No. Let the schools which need libraries purchase them and they will appreciate their value. School boards have already enough ways open to make fools of themselves."

The fact is generally admitted that the school library is just as essential a part of the school equipment as the desks, the blackboard and the stove. School boards are allowed to use their discretion in supplying other equipment; why should they not be allowed to act in the case of the school library? If a law were passed giving boards the power to purchase school libraries from contingent funds all that would be necessary to make it a safe and beneficent law, would be the provision that all books purchased for libraries should be selected from a list of books prepared by the State superintendent and the selection of books made by the board to be approved by the county and State superintendent before the books could be purchased. This would insure good books and protect the boards from unscrupulous agents.

What have some of our sister States been doing with and for school libraries? I give herewith a few statistics furnished me by the State superintendents of the States named.

Illinois has 2,213 libraries, with a total of 350,833 volumes. In this State the law gives school boards the power to purchase libraries.

Minnesota has 2,000 libraries, with a total of 100,000 volumes. The law provides that "on the first order for library books from the State contractor, the State aids to the amount of \$20, if the district contributes as much or more. On subsequent orders, \$10 is given each year."

This is an excellent law in that it affords a substantial reward to the district that is progressive enough to raise a fund for a school library. "The Lord helps those who help themselves," and the Minnesota legislators have done well to recognize this principle in the library law. In Minnesota school boards have power to appropriate funds for libraries.

State Superintendent Pattengill reports the following for Michigan: "During the past three or four years Michigan has taken a great stride in advance in the establishment of district libraries. From our report for the year ending December 31, 1894, I find 436 township libraries, and 1,248 district libraries. In the township libraries are 167,801 books, in the district libraries 481,202 books, making a total number of books in school libraries of the state of 649,003. Since that time the number of libraries and library books has been increased at least 25 per cent. I think I can safely say that we have now in this state 1,000,000 books in district and township libraries."

In Massachusetts, out of the 353 towns and cities in the State, all but 32 have free libraries. These libraries are freely used by teachers and pupils and cooperate so well with the schools that school boards in this State are now devoting their chief attention to the matter of supplying their schools with supplementary reading and books of reference.

New York has 4,400 libraries with a total of 825,000 volumes. Under the library law which was passed in 1892 the sum of \$55,000 is annually apportioned among the counties of the State for school libraries, by the superintendent of public instruction. According to the provisions of this law, any school district which reports through its school com-

missioner, that moneys to the amount of not less than \$10, nor more than \$25 have been raised for the purchase of a school library, will receive an amount equal to the amount thus raised for the same purpose, provided the total sum thus raised in any county does not exceed the sum apportioned to it. This law provides that "No portion of the school library money shall be expended except for books approved by the State superintendent."

Wisconsin has taken the most advanced position of any of the states in reference to school libraries. The legislature of that State passed an act, in 1895, making it *mandatory* for "the town treasurer of each town in the State to withhold annually an amount equal to 10 cents for each person of school age residing in such districts for the purchase of books for school libraries." In Wisconsin there are 994 towns, averaging  $7\frac{1}{2}$  districts each. This will make 7,455 libraries in the State, as each district is entitled to a library. The law provides that the books for libraries shall be selected by the county superintendent and town clerk and shall be selected from a list of books printed annually for this purpose by the State superintendent. This provision will effectually guard the people from the imposition of inferior books by unscrupulous book concerns. During the year just closed 50,000 volumes have been put into the school libraries of that State. State Superintendent Emery says, "The library movement is generally regarded as the most important and satisfactory factor in the progress of common school education in Wisconsin."

The first step toward starting a library should be to awaken the desire for a library on the part of teachers, patrons and pupils. The department of public instruction have published a list of several hundred books suitable for school libraries. Copies of this list should be secured and one sent to every teacher in the county. A list of teachers should also be sent to the leading firms who publish school library books, such as Ginn

& Company, Harper Brothers, Educational Publishing Company and others. These firms will gladly send a catalogue of their books to teachers. These catalogues, containing descriptions and short extracts from books, serve to acquaint teachers and pupils with the writings of our best authors and awaken in them a desire to read these books. At township and county educational meetings, a place should be given to the discussion of school libraries where the needs of and the value to be gained from their use should be fully explained to patrons and pupils. The local and educational papers should also be used to acquaint the people with the value of libraries. When the desire for the library has been established and when the sentiment of the district has been expressed as favoring such a movement, then it is time to take steps to collect funds to buy the books.

Various methods have been used with success; among them are literary entertainments, lectures, socials, fairs, subscriptions, school savings banks, library membership.

When the money has been secured and the list of books made out, the next step should be to secure a plain but substantial book-case with lock and key. This book-case ought to be furnished by the school board and, judging from experience, I believe that 95 per cent of the boards will provide the case gladly, if the matter is presented to them in a proper light. The teacher or one of the older pupils should be elected librarian during the time the school is in session and the director or secretary of board during vacation. A set of rules should then be adopted gov-

erning the use of the books. This can most readily be furnished by the county superintendent. The library is now ready for use.

The size of the library need not determine the results to be expected. A ten dollar library will be an excellent start for many districts. If the library is popular with the patrons of the school — and it is likely to be when once started, entertainments of different kinds can be given to secure new books for the library. And work of this kind is by no means one of the least results to be secured from the school library, for whatever interests the parents and brings them into closer sympathy with the school is beneficial, and in working for the school library they feel that they have a personal interest at stake and as a result become intimately connected with the school work. And until this is done, until the school and the home shall work along the same lines, the work of the one supplementing and completing the other, our public schools will be shorn of half their value.

As to the influence of a school library in a community, it cannot be computed. If for the \$10 invested the latent powers of only one boy or girl in the district is aroused and as a result grow into nobler, better and more useful manhood or womanhood, the dividends would be large indeed. But this we know, the districts where libraries have been established are the most progressive, the school work is the most thorough, and the boys and girls are growing up to manhood and womanhood better fitted to assume the duties of true American citizenship, better fitted to meet the duties of life.



## IN ARKANSAS.\*

APROPOS OF OCTAVE THANET'S ROMANCES.

BY TH. BENTZON.

Translated by E. S. Schaeffer.

ON HIS side the Colonel tells me very simply of his installation at Clover Bend about twenty-five years ago. He was an officer of the Federal army, and bought half of the plantation which had belonged to a Confederate major. The other half was purchased by Colonel Allen of Davenport. At that time the trees of Clover Bend could have told tales of recent hangings. Under pretext of serving the expiring cause of the South, the Graybacks, deserters for the most part, had long burned, pillaged and killed without mercy. Terrible reprisals were taken against them, and the combined proprietors ended by purging the country of these bandits. But where were they to find laborers? The old slaves had dispersed after the abolition of slavery, and they were reduced to the uncertain services of the rude laborers of Missouri, who, towards the cotton-picking season, came down with their whole families,—the little children astride their mothers' hips in a strap. They came thus directly to the extreme South, where the harvest begins earliest; then they journeyed northward, hiring themselves here and there; sometimes the same persons returned several years in succession. They did the work indifferently well, but when the time for payment arrived they were ready to draw their knives in order to obtain more than the price agreed upon, and the proprietor was compelled to reply to the stab with the revolver. Under such conditions it is well to have been a soldier before engaging in agriculture. Colonel Tucker, with all his energy, earned also the reputation of a just and good man. Under his rule many things were changed, as the partisans of the old régime have told me bitterly. It is no longer the custom to get drunk every Saturday; the

black and white children go to school; the men find it to their advantage to put their savings in a well-supplied and very prosperous store; they share in the profits, bringing their cotton to be cleaned at the gin and their merchandise to the steamboat landing. This steamboat, at stated intervals, lands at important saw-mills, to the number of five, between Newport and Portia.

The planter of the new era, without accepting all the responsibilities, evil and good, inseparable from slavery, which makes the master an absolute monarch, more or less humane, more or less loved by a large family, certainly accomplishes much good in the modern sense of the word. He is on the side of progress and is not averse to philanthropy, though he has a practical mind. More than all, he sets an example. On this enormous plantation it is he who works the hardest. At present his tenants are numerous and fairly prosperous. During the cotton-picking, women and children can earn a dollar a day if they are skillful enough to pick with both hands at once. There is no easier occupation. A good workman at Clover Bend earns from seventy to eighty cents a day.

It is a drive of eight miles, very difficult for the horses, but, on the other hand, very interesting to the stranger whom they convey across such a curious, unknown country. Talking all the way, we at length reach Clover Bend, where the contrast between neat and solid painted wooden houses and certain old-time log cabins which still shelter some negroes, at once makes me feel the difference between the Old and the New South. The general aspect is that of a little village

\*Begun in the July MIDLAND.

irregularly scattered over a large territory on the bank of the river, between vast enclosures bounded by straight or zigzag fences and the limitless forest. At the water's edge stands the most important building of the place, the store; and close at hand the cotton-gin shows its black chimney. We passed the meeting-house, which is both school-house and church, and I was shown, as a relic of the past, the century-old oak under whose shade Spaniards and Frenchmen met to transact business before we had given up our immense possessions in the South, the extent of which neither Louis XV. nor even Napoleon seem to have appreciated. A short distance apart, on the side where the clearing has been made, stand the two dwelling-houses of the place. First that of the Colonel, which is very pretty, painted a pale green, with a veranda encircling the whole of the lower story. Children's faces smile at us from the bow-window. The other house is that of the family to which my companions belong, the one by blood, the other by the ties of an intimate friendship. On the primitive two-story structure of the region have been grafted some judicious embellishments,—a veranda, where the convolvulus climbs, and to the pillars of which is attached a wire netting, intended as a protection against the local scourge of flies. The exterior is rustic, as befits the environment, but scarcely is the threshold passed before one finds oneself in the midst of all the refinements of comfort and all the aesthetic pursuits which can be found in an English country house. The parlor is filled not only with pretty furniture, but with the thousand trifles which adorn indoor life and reveal the presence of women of distinction. On every side are paintings of flowers, well-chosen books, good engravings and photographs of the neighborhood, taken by the ladies of Clover Bend, who excel in this art as in all the others, including those of the needle and the kitchen, accomplishments which are not exactly American.

The day after my arrival we visit the two schools, first that of the colored chil-

dren, which is taught by a very light young mulatto with long hair and a beard that is almost blond. He has a number of pupils of both sexes; two or three large boys assist him in maintaining order. The smaller children are first questioned for my benefit; they are learning to pronounce and spell correctly by the kindergarten method. They are not in the least timid, but have a lively and intelligent manner. The little girls particularly amuse me; they roll their sparkling eyes like jet beads under their woolly locks, which are braided all over their heads like horns. Their elders are less interesting; there are some very fat ones among them who stand in great need of corsets. Questioned in geography, some of them give evidence of memory, while others will do nothing but grin, with obstinately lowered eyelids. An odor as of a sheep-fold where black sheep predominate pervades the room. From the platform, to which one is always urged, willy, nilly, whenever one visits any school whatever in America, I tell the children that I shall speak of them and of their progress when I get back to Paris.

"And Paris," adds the Colonel, who accompanies me, "is in France."

A cheer arises, while my eyes moisten foolishly.

"Speak a few words of French to them," requests the schoolmaster. "It is the only time in their lives that they will hear your language."

And I reply from the bottom of my heart, "*Soyez reconnaissans a vos maitres qui font tant pour vous. Aimez-les. Que Dieu vous benisse!*"

There was another cheer, which I earned directly after by a distribution of dolls among the little girls, the boys taking the liveliest interest without a shade of envy; but none of them, boys or girls, will ever know that the greatest merit of the rustic dolls, bought at the store of Clover Bend, is to have been dressed by the deft fingers of Octave Thanet, the romance-writer.

From the colored school, which is situated a little to one side, we return—by those roads along which men used to be

seen swinging from the trees in the days of the guerrillas, those incendiaries who set fire to the mills under pretext of patriotism,—we return, as I say, to the white children's school. There a teacher, sallow and emaciated from fever, seems scarcely to have strength to preside over a reading lesson. This time I refrain from speaking; the Colonel undertakes to recount my journey for me, tracing all my peregrinations on the map, in order to make the scholars feel what an honor it is for them to receive a visitor who has come so far. They listen open-mouthed, stupefied, but no one is so stupefied as myself. Hearing him relate my supposititious feats, of which I had never dreamed until then, I am terrified at my own enterprise!

The very polite and gentle teacher does not succeed in showing off his pupils as his mulatto colleague has done.

"The other man has a double advantage over this one," the Colonel afterwards explained to me; "he is in good health and he is not so poor. Just consider that with the little he earns this unfortunate man has to support a wife and six children. . . . Yes, a new baby every year!"

I should like to make the acquaintance of the itinerant preacher, but he is on his circuit. He only returns to Clover Bend once in three weeks, so large is his round. On Sundays my friends read the Bible in private and assemble to sing hymns at the piano. Here the Colonel distinguishes himself. The hymns are followed, at my request, by negro melodies of a penetrating melancholy. I can still hear the high, shrill voices of the children singing that celebrated air, palpitating with regret, which equals that of *Mignon* for another land where also the orange blooms, "I'se Gwine to Dixie" . . .

The negroes interest me more and more here where I have so much opportunity to study them, not hastily transformed by civilizing influences, but in their natural state, which is being very gradually modified by the suggestions of work, order and economy given by landlords who are no longer *masters*.

I am constantly struck by the contrast between the white and black farmers. The former are tall fellows, emaciated and cadaverous, tanned like the leather of their boots, with hollow cheeks, elongated features, muddy complexion and melancholy physiognomy, the result probably of fever. (Chills are contracted with extreme facility in Arkansas; all that is necessary is to sit down on the moist ground or to keep on damp garments.) They wear their broad-brimmed felt hats pulled down over their eyes, and go about much on horseback, stopping at the store for recreation, although no liquor of any sort is sold there, nothing but temperance drinks; but it is something merely to smoke together, with their feet on the large stove; though they talk very little, for they are taciturn, sad like the soil to which they are fixed and of which they have taken the muddy color.

The negro is not as good a worker as the white man, but, on the other hand, is much gayer, given to optimism, very fickle, capable of taking himself off at any moment with his whole family; though he departs only to return quickly; but, white or black, the tenants are without exception honest people. As far as the negro is concerned, the expression must be interpreted liberally. The poor devil may steal an occasional chicken, but he would not take anything else; he will very likely keep a cent picked up on the road, but he will faithfully report a roll of bank bills should he chance to find it. To live without pleasure would be impossible to him; he loves assemblies, dances, games; in the winter festivals are held in the different houses, and business is combined with amusements of every sort, for the hosts sell cakes and candy to their guests.

It would not be safe to examine too closely into the question of the regularity of families. When they wish to marry, perjury and bigamy do not trouble the majority of the negroes. They cheat quite innocently as to the legal age of consent, for a negro hardly ever knows his own age. They forget that they have



left here and there one or more wives. When one thinks of it, this is not so very surprising in a country of divorces. The charming actress, Lillian Russell, has had five divorces ! But such a formality costs money, and a poor Arkansas tenant seldom has any. He confines himself to forming new ties without judicially breaking the old ones. The idea of dispensing with the ceremony of marriage never occurs to him ; here his conscience begins to awaken.

One of the most interesting and certainly the handsomest of the negroes of Clover Bend is an old man with an aquiline profile and a gray beard, who might easily be taken for an Arab. Uncle Nels (an abbreviation of Nelson) has the grand air under his tatters and his shapeless felt hat ; an habitual gravity distinguishes him from the rest of his race, of which, moreover, he seems to me on other accounts to be a very curious example. He gives no sign of the possession of any moral sense ; accuses himself quite calmly of having been a bad slave, not exactly lazy, but "mean," worthless, capable of base actions. If any one would like a proof of this, he can show the scars with which his poor back is ploughed. A bigamist besides, and doubly so, since in the course of his life he has married four wives, of whom only one is dead. Without explaining his rupture with the others, he gives the following reason for his desertion of the second :

"I wake up one mawnin' befo' her an' I see'd her while she was sleepin', an' she looked dat black on de pillah I jes' couldn't stan' it. I run away an' never did go back no mo'."

This man, bold and prompt, as may be seen, in forming the most serious resolutions, is nevertheless timid, like all slaves. For a long time it was his dream to visit the great city of Memphis, and as soon as he had saved enough money he set out, so transported with joy that he called back to his wife,—it was the last wife and the one whom he finally preferred to his "principal wife" :

"Good-bye, Jane. I don't reckon I gwine to come back no mo', I gwine to have sech a good time in de city."

But scarcely was he alone on the train than his enthusiasm began to abate ; some white fellow-travelers got on who were a little too hilarious and made an uproar. Fear took hold of him ; how would they treat a poor negro ? He timidly slipped into a corner near the conductor, mentioning his master's name in order to recommend himself to the protection of authority ; then, once at Memphis, the stir and bustle and roar of wheels made such an impression on him that he returned the next day, crestfallen, distressed and ashamed, bringing back intact the money which he had not known how to spend.

The easy customs of the negroes do not interfere with their piety. On Sunday they go regularly to the Baptist Church, starting early in a procession, with their time at their own disposal, until the afternoon service. The interval of waiting is filled by long conversations at the door of the large cabin where every one has a right to preach, women as well as men ; some of the former have a gift of eloquence. The orator becomes excited by the act of speaking and communicates to the audience a convulsive emotion, so to speak, which produces unexpected spiritual awakenings. Religion is caught in just the same way as measles or an attack of nerves. Even in a state of composure, if it can be said that these sensitive beings ever are composed, religious discussion is their favorite amusement. Biblical quotations fall from their lips with a facility and an abundance truly prodigious. To witness this display one has only to give utterance in their presence to some heresy, such as for example, "Adam was not the first man ; God had made others before him." Instantly they take fire and the texts pour forth. There is never a defect of memory, even among those who do not know how to read ; and nothing is symbolical to them. They keep not only to the letter, but to the most exact detail ; They see God take Eve from Adam's

side with the help of a knife like theirs. The serpent belongs to one of the species familiar to them ; at Clover Bend it is the rattle-snake. The most ignorant negro can reason subtly.

What distresses me is their unconscious contempt for their own color and the general aspiration towards the lighter tints. For instance, the functionary in charge of the wood-shed said to us : " I never gwine to marry one ob dose ugly niggahs. I gwine to marry a pretty little yaller gal wif curly ha'r so long as dat," showing the length of his hand.

Two negroes were disputing about the beauty of their children and one of them, shrugging his shoulders, exclaimed : " He make like he believe his chile is prettier than mine, when it's so black as de chimney ! " He himself looked as if he had been smeared with soot.

How should the poor negroes not think themselves elevated and glorified by the caprice of a white man, short and brutal as that caprice may be !

Time passes quickly at Clover Bend in spite of the monotony of the days,—as far as events go, that is,—for there are mental resources of infinite variety. But in point of fact, nothing ever happens. Always the same coming and going of herds of cows, whose owners know them by their slit ears or by some other sign ; the vicious Texas cattle often have their horns sawed off. Always the same silent passing (for the deep mud deadens all sounds) of a cart drawn by mules ; it glides by like the shadow from a Chinese lantern, driven by a negro who sits erect, comical in his long, ragged winter coat and his mushroom-shaped head-gear.

However, here comes the postman on horseback ; he gallops at full speed from Minturn with letters or dispatches and delivers the daily newspaper at the store. The store is also the post-office, the center of all interest, of all meetings. From time to time a lumber transport, shooting the Black River, stops here, or else it is the little steamboat which plies between Newport and Portia. It announces itself by a strident whistle which is prolonged

among the willows, and a season of extraordinary animation ensues, the crew disembarking in haste to renew their stock of provisions ; for the most heterogeneous things may be found at the store : salt pork, eggs, hams, dry goods, underclothing, shoes, freshly tanned lynx, opossum and muskrat skins, children's toys, axle-grease,—in short, everything that can be desired by a temperate man who does not care to buy fermented drinks. It was quite otherwise, it seems, in the time of the Old South.

Another entertainment to which one is often invited is a horse-breaking,—almost as frightful a sight as a bull-fight. One of the native horses of New Mexico which still remain wild, roaming at large through the savanna, is chased and caught by a lasso, to be handed over to some purchaser. Restive and furious, the negro trainer can scarcely drag it along at the end of a tether. The unfortunate beast kicks and resists, and its keeper is obliged to follow its movements with extraordinary agility. It throws itself against the fence, rolls, and finally, soaked with sweat, mud and blood, appears before the public, of which we make a part. I have seen a horse which in its rage had bitten its own tongue. Occasionally it happens that it breaks its neck in the struggle and is only conquered when dead.

I compliment one of the negro horse-breakers on his skill and courage, though all my sympathy is, I confess, with the martyred horse. He laughs and shows his white teeth.

" Have you never been hurt ? "

" ' Deed, I has, mistiss ; dat happen mighty often. One time I couldn't walk for three months. "

" You begin again, however ? "

He laughs again. It is his vocation.

My friends' children come running to the scene, all excitement ; the little girls climb on the fence to see better ; a little boy, scarcely seven years old, bravely stays near the horse with the men, his hands in his pockets. His guardians let him go, trusting to his wisdom. Since he is to be a man, let him have for his

perils a double apprenticeship of courage and prudence. Such is the American education. At last the purchasers lead their horse away, half dead, one might think. However, he will still give them plenty of trouble on the road; but no one will treat him brutally out of mere wantonness. In primitive countries horses are treated like comrades. Every time he falls he is caressed and flattered, and they try to make him understand that no one wishes him any harm; they lead other horses up to him that have been broken to harness and whose example is supposed to impress him favorably. Tomorrow he will be harnessed side by side with a placid mule, who will act as his schoolmistress and whom he will astonish by his tricks.

The meals at Clover Bend may also be counted among the memorable incidents of the day. I had divined from the writings of Octave Thanet that she held gastronomy in honor. She had even, what is rare in America, a thoroughly French cellar. Her kitchen, even if it was once bewitched, has triumphed over the enchantment. All sorts of local dainties come out of it. Quail is in season, a very different quail from ours, twice as large and of quite another flavor, very succulent in its way. It comes a little earlier than the snipe. And the dining-room claims my attention not only for its good cheer, but also for the legend which is attached to it. In fact, it owns a ghost. If you ask his name you will learn that it is the specter of the Regulator.

The Regulator of Clover Bend was a well-meaning man who, having heard in church that God calls each one of us to serve him, asked himself what service he, who was only a good blacksmith, could render to the Omnipotent. And a voice said to him: "You can compel people to behave well, even if you cannot preach to them." His resolution was taken at once. He constituted himself a regulator, and certainly at the time of the destruction of the Graybacks he was not the only member of his profession; but nobody ever exercised this calling with so much

zeal. He thrashed the men whom he found drunk; he thrashed the lazy negroes who did not earn their wages; he thrashed a miser who refused alms to the poor; he thrashed a husband who beat his wife. All the worthless fellows, all the robbers, felt the weight of his arm. The result of his efforts was that the persons whom he sought to convert gave him no thanks, and one day he had a bullet in his head. I have seen the place where, at the most brilliant moment of his career, the Regulator of Clover Bend was buried. He was carried into the room which has since become a dining-room. On the anniversary of the murder, and at other times also, the door of this room opens suddenly of its own accord, and, marvelous to relate, remains open just long enough to allow the funeral cortège of the victim of his duty to pass out, after which it closes again! All the inmates of the house have beheld this prodigy, but it occurs more rarely since the old lock, which was a little loose, has been replaced by a new one.

After lunch we take our daily outing; one can only go out in a carriage or on horseback, on account of the state of the ground; even to exchange a visit with our near neighbors we must follow the board sidewalk, a long, unsteady footpath. The little cart that carries us plunges into the woods and across pools and ditches into places where European horses would never venture. These do not seem to suspect that it would be pleasanter to follow beaten roads, they go everywhere philosophically, giving the movement of a boat to the light vehicle. We drive thus through what at one moment seems to be the virgin forest—and the next moment gives one the impression of having been brutally profaned. Manual labor is too dear for any one to dream of working the forest systematically. Half-charred skeletons, still standing, raise their great, mournful arms in the midst of the mass of white and black oaks, willow-leaved oaks, ashes, sycamores and cypresses, which, like the others, renew their foliage. Near the edge of the forest I have

also remarked singularly beautiful elms. All these trees are giants ; they grow very tall, but are too close together to extend their branches widely ; the hardy convolvulus binds them together, and my friends tell me that there is no more penetrating perfume than that of this wild vine when it is in blossom. The gum-tree abounds ; its wood is used in the manufacture of furniture of a very pretty tint, while the gum which is distilled from it supplies those abominable sticks of chewing gum on which American children dote, and not only the children, but almost all the people of the lower class. In the street cars, on the railways, everywhere I have observed that automatic movement of the jaws which indicates the habit of chewing. It is an inoffensive quid ; I admit that men may sometimes have overcome the tobacco habit by this substitution ; but what excuse can there be for women ? Be that as it may, chewing gum is advertised in all the newspapers, on all the walls, with great display of large type.

Let us forget this vulgar product in the presence of the trees from which it is taken, and which have a right to exist for their beauty alone. Mingled with other species they encircle the swamp and the large bayou, a natural canal, into which is drained the overflow of the Black River. This sheet of water, surrounded by an undergrowth of brier, cane and elbow-brush, slumbers heavily in what I can only call the jungle, for the word thicket suggests nothing so grand. One is perplexed to know how to describe these features of Arkansas scenery ; the "ridge," or low elevation which alternates with the flatness of the marsh, as a crest rises between two furrows ; the "slash," the incision or gash which a stream of water makes in the moist earth ; the "brake," which is only a brake when it is found in a bottom filled with water ; on higher ground it loses its character and its name. A cypress brake is the principal feature of the physiognomy of Arkansas. Up-rooted trunks float in the black water, which is full of aquatic plants, and the harpooners leap from one to another,

making rafts which they guide, not without risk, to the shore ; it is a dangerous occupation for one who does not know how to swim.

The swamp at Clover Bend recalls to me more than one of Octave Thanet's stories : the meeting, face to face, of two little children with a bear,—an amiable and accomplished bear who had escaped from a traveling menagerie ; the true adventure of the poor little girl, lost at night in this great forest, and who, having mistaken the bayou for the river, is discovered, by a miracle, on one of the floating trunks whose branches point into the air like javelins. The whole population was out searching with torches, filling the woods with desperate cries, while she, little as she was, had had the presence of mind to take off her frock, so that it should not get wet or soiled.

They hunt the boar in the Arkansas forests, and spirited steeple chases form a feature of the hunt. We meet no boars, but pigs by the hundred, thin and half savage, yet tamed by hunger. They gallop with prodigious speed behind the carriage in the hope that we may throw them something. Every day the person in charge of them sounds a call summoning them to dinner, thanks to which they can be caught when the time comes to fatten or to sell them. The little ones are very droll, glossy as satin and of a singular effrontery. It is said that the vultures frequently carry them off in default of dead beasts, but the latter are seldom lacking, for all the animals that die on the plantation are immediately dragged into the woods, where one soon finds nothing more of them than their whitened bones. The Arkansas vultures, the buzzards, form an integral part of the landscape and contribute to its melancholy aspect. There are always at least a couple of them in the sky, with extended wings, on the watch for death. They guard the public health ; they are the great scavengers of the air.

Looking closely, we find other things still, besides the beauties of nature, at Clover Bend. The plantation also pos-

sesses monuments ; for example, at the spot where the great bayou is formed, by the side of the marsh, I was shown a sort of levee which, according to tradition, is the work of neither the Spaniards nor the French, but dates back to that prehistoric race whose mounds are scattered throughout the valley. Two of these hillocks, which are Indian graves, have been searched, yielding numerous pieces of pottery, pearls, war paintings, *débris* of all sorts, collected in a corner of the store. A man whose antecedents were unknown was for several years much interested in the mounds. He devoted his whole time to their investigation and guarded their secrets with jealous care. He held no communication with any one and seemed unhappy ; then, dying, he disclosed his name, that of a good family in the State of New York.

The great spectacle of the day is the sunset on the Black River, which, little by little, quite comes to deserve the epithet black, after having reflected the conflagration of the sky and glowed with all the tints of purple and gold. Covered at first with waves of fire and with opalescent hues, the river seems at length to congeal ; its unruffled surface, smooth as glass, in which are mirrored the sycamores and cypresses, becomes the color of ink ; its indolent sweep dies away in sleep ; all is extinguished except a few great pools of water which still shine in the grass. However, the cattle are grazing among the canes, and twilight falls slowly. We shall see nothing more until the moon, diffusing a light as clear as day, makes the damp earth of the cotton fields scintillate and lends silver reflections to the uniform gray tone of the interminable fences which, in straight or zigzag lines, separate the pastures around us. It is not well to encounter this hour of dampness. We gather around a great fire ; some of us play, others talk. My rôle is confined to that of a questioner and I am answered with inexhaustible patience. The most assiduous attendant at these evening gatherings is a local magistrate. He gives us interesting details of the case

which is under examination at this time, the trial of the three Powells, who attacked a railway train and are in prison at Powhatan, waiting to be transferred to Little Rock, the capital. Their bearing, it seems, is excellent. They will suffer capital punishment bravely. These bandits were discovered in the woods, where they were hiding, by bloodhounds, terrible dogs, formerly employed to hunt runaway slaves, and which are still the surest auxiliaries of justice. The population is so excited that the authorities are experiencing great difficulty in preserving their prisoners from that summary vengeance which there has of late been some effort to check.

When I exclaim against lynch law and stigmatize it as barbarism, the magistrate smiles without committing himself, and I see with surprise that he considers it necessary in certain cases. For instance, with regard to the Italians massacred in New Orleans he says calmly : " It solved a great difficulty ; it was known that they would be released." I gather from the hints which he lets drop that with the prevalent corruption it is sometimes difficult to count on justice being done. However, such frightful abuses have been committed that in the end it becomes necessary to treat with severity not only the persons who commit them, but those who approve by their presence. " Many good people regret it."

The apparently sanguinary individual who speaks in this way is really extremely kind-hearted ; but he nevertheless devotes himself with a zeal equal to that of the former regulators to the capture of bandits of every sort. He may be met on the train at Walnut Ridge, personally accompanying his trophies, in the form of prisoners chained together. These wretches are installed in the midst of the other passengers and sometimes find a compassionate neighbor who treats them to a drink. Very likely the same neighbor would willingly lynch them. There have been in the space of two months five or six attacks on Western trains by masked robbers. When one travels by



these same trains, a slight excitement, which is not without charm, adds to the interest of the journey.

The latter part of my stay at Clover Bend was spoiled by a sudden irruption of winter, a winter much more severe than that of the months of December and January, which had brought neither cold nor snow, while genuine frosts made themselves felt, even in Arkansas, in the spring of 1894, and cyclones ravaged the coasts, and a horrible blizzard raged in New York.

It was in vain that we burned half of the trunk of a tree in the great parlor chimney; we perceived that our walls were made of very thin wood; and at night there were lamentable groans and complaints out of doors. The unsheltered cattle were not resigned to this unusual temperature; a hundred horses roaming at large, two hundred cows, six hundred sheep wandering through the woods, each protested in his own language against such an unparalleled season. There were tragedies; many little calves perished; their bodies, dragged by a mule, went into the forest to serve as food for the vultures. Happily, the sun soon intervened; its warm rays melted the ice, reestablished order and restored a certain peace of mind to the negroes, who had thought their last hour at hand. Sad and silent the evening before, they resumed their usual expansive manner in recounting the adventures of those frightful nights when the snow had come through the chinks of their houses, compelling them to sleep under open umbrellas. It was amusing to hear them, assembled around the big stove in the store and perspiring in great drops, for by daylight on the morrow the fire had become quite unnecessary. No matter, it was delicious enjoyment to them; a negro never feels sufficiently roasted.

The change of decoration which quickly followed this renewal of winter might have rivaled what in theatrical parlance is called a change of scene. The waters receded, the melancholy gray of the landscape was enlivened by buds of a mar-

velous lilac wherever the leaves had not yet unfolded. In the depths of the canes where fugitive slaves used to hide, could be heard rustling wings and joyous songs; the metallic plumage of the kingfisher flashed among the reeds; white woodpeckers with green and red heads began tapping the trees as if to assure themselves that they were not dead; the great serpents which run from tree to tree in the woods were transformed into the verdant convolvulus; the mocking-bird, the nightingale of America, began its nocturnal concert. Long before it had sung its first note I had watched the flight of the blue-bird, which with us exists only in legends. There is also the red-bird, clothed in cardinal. All these feathered folk begin their twittering at the instant when the dog-wood begins to spangle the forest with a shower of large, four-petaled, starry white blossoms, and when the Cherokee rose-bushes are covered with immense eglantines.

To my regret, I could not wait for the most beautiful moment of this fairy display, still less for the cotton blossoms,—white, they tell me, on the first day, pink the second and then white and pink together, the same plant often wearing its snowy flock in addition. The hour of departure had struck. I bade adieu to all my friends, each one of whom represented to the life some personage of Octave Thanet's romances: the planter of the early days of reconstruction, equal to everything that circumstances can impose on a human being, and, even were he to be cast on a desert island, able to make a "home" out of nothing;—the soul of this home, an attractive Bostonian, devoted to her children, seems to regret neither the amusements nor the intellectual resources of her native city;—the elegant young planter who discards his Northern habits, takes great care of his nails and somewhat affects the sort of disdainful deliberation and the accent of an English gentleman, all of which, however, does not prevent him from busying himself very actively with stock-breeding and agriculture, nor from keeping the



books at the store (here is a characteristic detail: he has traveled in Europe, but has not seen Paris, having been suddenly seized with a homesick longing for unlimited space);—the young widow with the long black eyes, calm as moonlight, who reminds one of Shakspeare's portrait of a virtuous lady, as gentle as she is beautiful, and able, moreover, to make pastry and churn butter as well as Octave Thanet herself;—the grandmother, fragile and distinguished, an admirable mistress of the house, skillful in arranging a game of whist and in seizing on the wing the slightest element of sociability. Then, after the stars come the supernumeraries: white planters dressed like Buffalo Bill's cowboys; negroes in picturesque rags, on whose black faces the least token of kindness kindles the most joyous expression.

I felt real grief at leaving Clover Bend, but more than all, it seemed to me impossible to part, unless with a firm hope of meeting again with such a beneficent personality—there is no other word to describe her influence on the most diverse minds—as Octave Thanet. After all the acquaintances that I had made among them, she proved to me that I had not yet exhausted the study of the numerous types of American women, and that in seeking still further I should probably find new qualities to describe, qualities derived from all races. However, it must be acknowledged that nowhere have I found in the same degree our best French qualities.

Farewell to the long colonnades of the forest, farewell to the prairies where roam the Texas horses, farewell to the two little schools, and may they some day make but one! The carriage which bears us away, with a luncheon from which not even champagne has been omitted and which we are to eat in Bohemian fashion on the way, carries us rapidly on to Portia, where we take the train to Hoxie. Thence the railway goes to Walnut Ridge, the point of departure for St. Louis. Farewell to Arkansas!

The last face of which I catch a glimpse on the estate of Clover Bend is that of the itinerant preacher's young wife. She is splitting wood on the threshold of her cabin, while her husband carries the word of God from one plantation to another. The sun places an aureola on her red hair and kindles a flash on the axe raised by her robust arm. My heart is touched with deep emotion, an emotion mingled with respect for these simple people, who toil like laborers for the sake of doing good, and who preach by their example more than by their words. Among them I count the poor schoolmaster. Afterwards when I asked Octave Thanet about him she replied by the announcement of his death.

"The fever which was consuming him ended in pneumonia. Yesterday we attended his funeral. Our last gift to him was a coffin and a suit of clothes. It seemed an extravagance to lay those new clothes in the grave, but here the family care more for that than for all the rest. It was a sad funeral, held in his schoolhouse with his last exercises written on the blackboard. His pupils sobbed all through the service. When I looked out of the window and saw the wretched little procession moving away, the bearers in their shabby Sunday coats and the young wife with her poor mourning shawl thrown over her cotton gown, her smallest baby in her arms, it seemed to me that I had never seen anything so dreary. The minister was so overcome that he was obliged to stop in the middle of his address, and the widow then lost what little courage she had possessed. It was heart-breaking, but perhaps it would have been more heart-breaking still if there had been all the decorum and all the pompous ceremonies that were lacking, and no true tears."

This touching funeral procession comes before me in spite of myself when I think of Arkansas. It is in marvelous harmony with the landscape of the Black River.

THE END.

## The Midland's Fiction Department.

### AGGIE.\*

A LOVE TALE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

BY MINNIE BLAKESTONE DOUGLAS,†

Author of "Broken Lilies," "The Purser's Romance," Etc.

ALONE, she stood beside the sea, one leveled palm sheltering her eyes from the sun's good-night kisses. The tide, ebbing softly back to its illimitable bed, made timid little dashes at her feet.

Over at that phantom line which divides sea and sky, the sun was disappearing through a wide gash in the body of the heavens, leaving behind him a trail of blood-crimson that deluged the ocean's bosom, bedewing it with sparkling jewels. The boats at anchor were acutely reflected in the manifold hues, giving them a semblance of double-headed monsters. The girl herself was drenched in the overflowing tints.

She was clad in the picturesque garb of a Lowland fisher lassie; the pink cotton short-gown was confined at the waist beneath the strings of her blue drugget apron; her head was void of covering, save that which nature provided; the rebellious tendrils resented imprisonment and clung in loving tenacity about her neck and ears.

It was in Aggie's eyes that her greatest charm lay; they were responsible for the village poet's wildest flights of poesy, and, alas! his lowest depth of despair; his peace of mind had long ago departed, over the vain attempt to versify their illusive flame. Beautiful eyes they were; sparkling and slumberous in turn, throwing back the multiplied lights and shades of the sea, from deepest indigo to brilliant azure. The heavy white lids had a trick of raising themselves reluctantly, as if burdened by their weight of dark up-curling lashes.

Her attitude betokened mental uneasiness; her gaze swept the horizon with troubled keenness, and a sigh relaxed her firmly closed lips, when she discovered

the object of her quest coming round Innellan Point. It was a small fishing sloop, her canvas hanging limp and inactive about her gaff; the depth of water which she took, coupled with the slow, labored stroke of the man's oars, were indications of a rich haul from the watery highway. As the distance between the shore and the boat was lessened, the man recognized the still figure at the water's edge.

"Is that you, Aggie, lass?" he cried out joyously, peering toward her through the falling twilight.

"Aye, it's me, Gavin; I thought I'd come down an' see ye'r catch." And her voice met him in its soft Lowland accents, across the water. The sound of it, so well beloved, lent new impetus to his weary arms; a few vigorous strokes, and the keel cut its way through sand and pebbles, and the man, odorous with seaweed and fish, leaped onto the shore. He would have taken her into his arms, but, in her extravagant haste to inspect the "catch," she eluded his embrace.

"My word, Gavin, ye've had grand luck; Sandy Cameron came in awhile ago wi' as many as ye could put in ye'r bonnet; he was sair disappointed, for there's anither bairn up at the cottage. Eh, but they're bonnie," she continued, stooping low over the boat, in which the wriggling, phosphorescent bodies lay, resembling a mass of shimmering, mutilated moonbeams.

"They're not half sae bonnie as the face bent o'er them," said Gavin, lovingly laying a hand on the bowed head, "an'

\*Awarded the prize in the April 1st Story Competition.

†Mrs. Douglas' portrait appeared in the April, 1894, MIDLAND.

they're a' for you, Aggie, tae buy the braws [wedding-clothes], if only ye'll say the word an' let me pit in the cries [publish the bans]. Say it, lassie; I've waited lang, an' am wearyin' for ma Rachel."

"It's gettin' pretty late, Gavin, and the fish must be looked after; let me help ye gather them in, for it's time ye had ye'r tea."

Her actions were both extravagant and unusual. She nervously twitched at the heavy net, as if her life depended on its removal, but she said never a word in answer to her companion's earnest words. Gavin's heart beat faster with apprehension at the strained attitude of his love.

"Aggie, what's wrang wi' ye? There's something on ye'r mind; ye've been down-hearted for some time back; will ye no tell me what it is? It's but right that I should ken."

She stood mutely before him, with down-bent head, her nervous fingers restlessly crimping the strings of her apron.

"Oot wi' it, lassie."

"It's something aboot yoursel', Gavin."

"The mair reason I should hear it; hev ye lost the ring wi' the wee rid ruby, eh?" laughing lamely, and trying to take her hand.

"No," shrinking back.

"No? Then mayhap I've blundered onto ye'r feelin's and hurt them unbekowin'ly; if so, you jist—"

"No, no, Gavin; you're far ower guid for me."

"Guid? Is it *me* ye're callin' guid? havers [nonsense], lassie, I'm as dour as a doornail whin I dinna get my ain way; you jist wait till I find my shirts without buttons, an' ye'll see what a satan I can be."

Gavin gave a shaky little laugh, ceasing instantly when he saw Aggie clasp her hands before her eyes and utter a piteous low moan.

"What's wrang, Aggie? It's somethin' oot of the ordinar'."

He forced her palms from her eyes, and was terrified at the strained expression on her white face. It was an un-

sual display of "genteelness" on the part of these rosy-cheeked Scottish maids to turn ghostlike, without bodily injury and loss of blood; therefore, poor Gavin was prepared—or thought he was—for the worst.

"I canna marry ye, Gavin; I am no fit."

"What's that ye say? Ye're no fit? Dinna say that again, Aggie; it hurts me."

"I must say it, Gavin; it's true. I'm a deceitful, bad lassie, and will ne'r—be—your wife."

The words came falteringly, each one scorching the man's very soul. He looked about him in an agony of incomprehension; his jaw fell, his tongue was clinging to his palate; then his eyes became lurid with the dawn of a newly awakened suspicion.

"Aggie," he cried, his voice grating in its intensity, "it's *him* 'at's done it! that dandified whipper-snapper, wi' his oily hair, and freckless han's." He paused a moment and went on in calmer tones: "Tell me, lass, am I right?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Aggie! for the sake o' oor auld acquaintance, dinna say it, I canna thole it! After a' these years that I hae lookit on ye as ma ain wife; I—I—no, ye mauna say it, ma lassie."

"It's true, Gavin," she gasped, half afraid of her companion's wild manner.

"Do you love him, Aggie?"

"Yes," very low but fervently.

"Maybe I'm a wee bit hard tae ask these bare-faced questions, but ye've neither faither nor brither tae tak' ye'r pairt, an' I must ken whether or no ye could nestle in my arms wi' as pure a conscience as ye did eighteen year ago, when I found ye lyin' under the shelvin' of rock over yonder, an' carried ye hame—answer me, Aggie."

In the hiatus that followed, a great fear crept up in Gavin's breast. A deep breath, like the souguing of a strong gale, came from his parched throat, and forced its way between his clinched teeth.

"I hae deceived *you*, Gavin; I canna—"

"That's no the point!" he thundered angrily, the evasiveness of her reply lashing him into a frenzy of fear; "has *he* deceived *you*? Will there come a time when them aboot ye can cry oot 'Shame upon you'?"

"No."

"Ye're sure o' that — or are ye only tryin' tae screen him fra my wrath?"

"I'm sure, Gavin."

"God be thankit that my han's needna be stained wi' human blood,—tor that's what would hae happened if he had destroyed you. An' this man, who has 'raised up strife an' contention atween us' — are ye goin' tae be his lawfu' wife?"

"I dinna ken yet, Gavin."

"Hev ye the right tae expect it?"

"Yes," she answered, her confusion increasing under the fire and battery of Gavin's eyes and tongue.

"In that case, he'll mairry ye," and his teeth shut with an ominous snap; "an that siller'll gae tae buy ye'r kirkin clothes; he'll no hae it to say among his Glasga freens 'at Aggie Caskie hadna a

decent stitch to her back when she left her hame in Dunoon."

"I dinna want tae take the money, Gavin; ye'll need it some day yoursel'."

"No; siller's nae use tae me noo; it's you, Aggie, that'll want it, for-by the Almighty's given me the strength tae take care o' mysel'."

Agnes slid to her knees on the wet sand, and leant her head on the gunwale of the old boat, weeping mournfully.

"Oh, Gavin, forgive me!" she cried; "I'm a wicked, wayward lassie. I've aye hated the smell o' the fish in the nets, an' kent fine I could ne'r be happy if I had tae spend my life among them; I wasna born for a fisherman's wife."

"Maybe no, Aggie, maybe no; I was foolish tae think ye could ever settle down wi' me; but oh, my bairn, I would hae put the hair o' my heid under ye'r feet tae make ye happy. Rise up and gang hame; ye're in sair need o' a mither this nicht tae comfort ye; bid auld Nan-nie tae mak a cup o' tea an' toast ye a bit finnan haddie; it'll cheer ye up."



"Alone, she stood beside the sea, one leveled palm sheltering her eyes from the sun's good-night kisses."

He dismissed her and turned his attention to his "haul." The task of unloading was a laborious one now, each silver-coated herring felt like lead in his hands.

Agnes went slowly round the esplanade towards the castle hill, and seating herself on a flat rock, gazed out across the shimmering sea. The eastern darkness was creeping up from the far off water-line, chasing the heavy sun-lined clouds before it, till they hovered over the great mass of barren rocks on which she sat, tipping their jagged edges with jeweled brilliancy. The water kept up a ceaseless lapping at their base, as if in persistent effort to gain a farther advance towards the summit.

"How like my ain life the sea is," thought the girl, "in its restless, changin' moods; it aye seems to be wantin' somethin' it canna get! I fare love it though, it's been like a mither tae me, rockin' me on her big wide bosom till I wad gang tae sleep and forget a' my cares; ah me! I canna thole tae leave ye, my bonnie sea; an' I doubt not but what I'll creep back some day an' be glad tae cradle mysel' in ye'r arms again."

"Agnes."

Her name was spoken softly, and, starting up she found herself imprisoned in two strong arms. She lay for a brief moment, well content in the embrace of the man for whose sake she was giving up her old life.

"Where have you been, sweetheart? I have been wandering around old Mother McPherson's cottage for the last two hours; did you not think I would be waiting for you?"

"No; I was thinkin' o' somebody forbye you, the nicht; but I'm glad tae see you."

"Only glad; why, little girl, what is the matter with you? your voice has such a forlorn ring in it."

She pushed herself from his arms; the action, coupled with her words of greeting, brought a frown to his brow.

"I saw Gavin just noo."

"Say 'now,' Agnes; it sounds better. Yes? and what happened between you?"

If the truth were known, there was considerable fear in Archie Gilchrist's heart, when he thought of the weight of the big fisherman's fists.

"What happened atween us'll never serve for a laughin' stock for ither; an' the Almighty'll dae what's right if he punishes me sair for my heartlessness tae Gavin."

"Agnes," said her companion, very tenderly, for he saw that the girl's spirit was traveling through sorely troubled waters, "let us forget Gavin for the present; I have something of importance to tell you, something that concerns *our* future."

"What is't?" without looking up.

"I am compelled to return to Glasgow. I have already—out of my love for you—overstayed my time, and I want you to return with me as my wife."

"Dae ye mean that ye want me tae mairry ye, an' gang awa' fra here?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"But ye maun wait till I get some book-learnin' as befits ye'r wife; for if ye were tae tire of me an' my ignorant ways, I could na thole that; it wad kill me."

"No, no, little girl; I want you for yourself alone; we can attend better to the learning when you are by my side. Do you know, Agnes," caressing her hair gently, "that you have never, in actual words, told me that you loved me? Will you say it now, darling?"

"I hae loved ye ever since I kent ye; but it's no the habit o' us Scotch lassies tae be forever flauntin' oor love in a lad's een; forbye, I think ma actions in meetin' ye in the dark, unbeknown tae ither folks, was proof enough for ye. I'll say it noo—now, I mean—an' maybe ye'll ne'r hear it again, for I mean it for a time: that my heart an' soul an' life are yours!"

She turned from him as if ashamed of her total surrender.

"And you shall see how well I appreciate this trinity of precious gifts."

He put his arms about her and forcibly drew her within his embrace. Her cheeks kindled with blushes; she placed an inter-

posing hand between them, but his ardor soon banished the futile barrier, and she yielded without restraint. The fresh, dewy mouth so near his own had the fragrance of the sea about it. The lapsing of the waves was in his ears; the salt mist came up and fell upon his love's hair, dampening and twisting it into soft tendrils about her neck and ears. From the lantern-gallery of the Clough light-house long points of radiance, like great twitching fingers, shot out across the bay, and the darkness of night fell, shutting those two in within a world of their own, and the rest of the universe was blotted out.

A few days later a group of fishermen, with their women-folks, were seated on the shore, baiting their lines and mending their nets, to be in readiness for the next tide. To these humble toilers the sea was everything; the men fought and ploughed the briny troughs for daily bread, and fared according to the sea's moods; their losses and gains were alike received with cheerfulness of spirit, for in every change of their simple, God-fearing lives the hand of their Maker was acknowledged, and His voice, which cried from the Book that was their daily study and quotation, alone had power to move them. In their pretty, land-locked, sea-girt haven they lived apart from the care and strife of the outer world and its greedy, gold-grasping fraternity.

A little apart from his companions stood Gavin Thornton, dexterously coiling a heavily baited line into the bottom of his boat. His features were set in a hard cast. The conversation had been running on Aggie's shortcomings and her final *coup de grace*.

"A-weel," said Jean Walker, ominously shaking her white-mutched head, "I aye maintained 'at the lassie wad come tae nae guid end, she was ower fond o' apin' the gentry, an' deckin' hersel' wi' fal-lals [furbelows]; it's no natural for yin [one] o' them dandies tae mate wi' ain o' Aggie's kind."

"As for mysel'," spoke Ann Currie, a

peony-complexioned damsel, who was shelling mussels into a pail that was wedged between her knees, "I dinna ken what ony man could see in that peely-wally [pale] face o' hers; am cheated if she disna go into a decline. And Ann's fingers, bleached and shriveled by contact with the salt water, went up to her own unmistakably healthy cheek with an appreciative little pat.

"Some o' you lassies ud better be settin' ye'r caps for Gavin," said old Watty Weir, squinting his agate-like eyes toward the young man. "He's ower guid a catch tae be left murrin [grieving] a' his life for a bit freckless thing like Aggie."

"There'll be blue snaw on the ground when Gavin gets saft on anither lassie; he's bitten ower sair tae gang sweet-heartin' in a hurry again."

"Gavin has hissel' tae blame," said Jean McPherson, "for a guid deal o' Aggie's uppishness; he spent every bawbee [half-penny] he could earn tae buy a wheen [lot] trashy gew-gaws tae deck her oot; a body wad a thocht that she was better than her neighbors; instead o' that, she was an impident, up-startin' thing. I was sair tempted whiles tae hit her a skyte [slap] on the face for keekin' at me fra between they eyelashes o' hers, an' her didna ken wha her ain mither was."

"Ye may be sure she cam o' bad stock, the ungrateful hussy; she—"

"Silence! Betty Campbell," thundered Gavin, his rigid features aglow with wrath and pain. His sore heart had borne with great patience the taunting jests and clumsy humor that had been thrown at him since Aggie's departure. He had always been her champion, and never more so than now, when her going robbed his life of every spark of ambition. "If I hear anither ill word again Aggie Caskie I'll throttle some o' ye; ye're a feelin' bad because she's got a better start in life than ony o' yoursels', an' that's because the Lord never intended her for a fisher-lass; an' it'll be just as weel for ye a' tae let me hear nae mair o' ye'r slightin' talk."



He turned and left them, his face resuming its stern expression. "I canna thole it," he murmured brokenly, his eyes swimming as he gazed out to where her little punt was rocking forlornly, on the crest of the waves. "I canna bide here, where every blade o' grass, an' every chucky-stane [pebble] cries out tae me aboot her. I'm glad, though, that I had my ain way, an' saw their names signed, up in the kirk register; the spitefu' besoms [a Scotch expression for gossiping women] canna say that she's no his lawful wife."

It was a merciful providence that hid from Gavin's knowledge the agonizing scenes through which Aggie was passing. She began heroically to master the rudiments of proper speech; but alas! to the matured brain such erudition comes hard and slow; to her there was a constant confusion of nouns and verbs, and her repeated failures to converse grammatically with his friends was a source of humiliating annoyance to Archie Gillchrist; he soon grew weary of correction, and dropped the attempt of equalization. One by one her husband's friends stopped coming to the pretty villa, in which she had taken such housewifely pride. On one occasion he told her that she ought to take less care of the house and more of herself; that she was too much of a servant; that she must master the small conventionalities of his set. He missed the congenial companionship of his lifelong friends, and in consequence became taciturn and resentful toward the innocent cause.

"For what reason do your friends no come as often as they used to?" she asked, one day.

He was in a sour, disagreeable mood, and answered her in a brutal manner, and for this his conscience never ceased to chafe him.

"Because they do not care to partake further of hospitality which they can never return; they cannot bring their wives and sisters into contact with a woman whose birth is doubtful, and

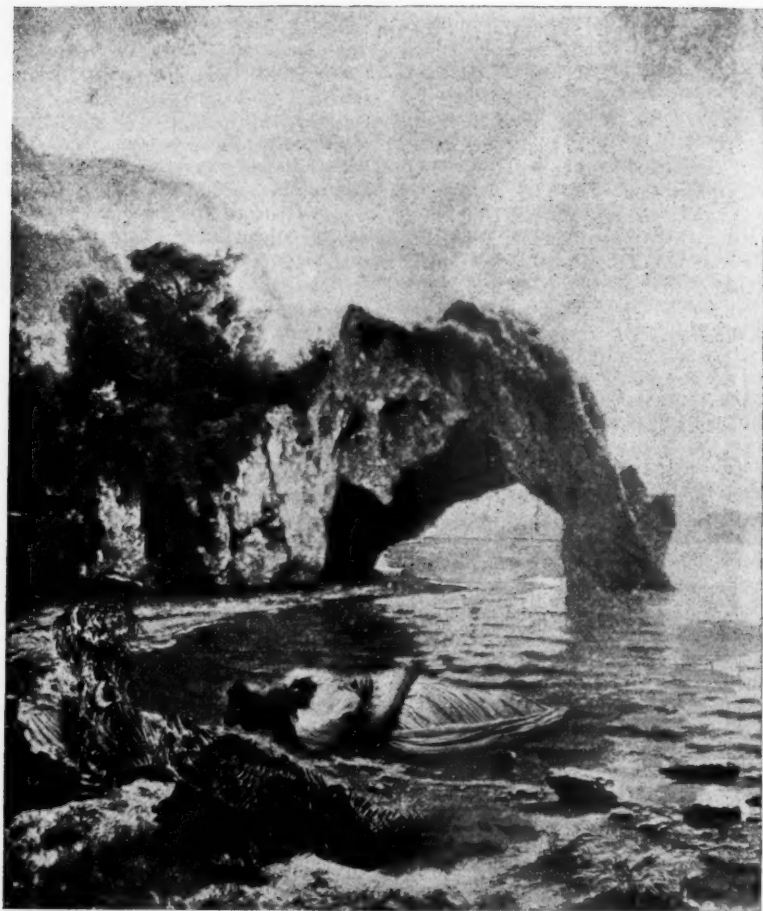
whose deplorable ignorance jars on their well-bred nerves. I'm an alien from my own people; I might as well bury myself!"

Agnes sat till long past midnight, gazing into the dying embers. Her eyes were clear and bright, washed so by the flow of tears, now exhausted. That she was to blame for the unhappy state into which her husband had fallen, she never doubted; "and I am in the way of his success," she thought in self reproach. She sought no ulterior cause for the change in his affections; she accepted matters as they appeared on the surface.

"But, oh me!" she moaned, pushing the heavy waves of hair from her face with numb fingers, "how soon the end has come; but naebod'y'll ever ken that I failed." She lovingly used the old, familiar mode of speech; at sound of it her spirit was fired anew with the sturdy pride so characteristic of true Scottish nature. The poor heart was bruised and lacerated beyond further endurance, but the world would never know it.

A picture swam before her eyes—a picture of soft tints, where sea and sky met, with an old gray rock sharply silhouetted against the western radiance. A little boat, its empty seats looking brown and bare from disuse and exposure, was dipping its bow spasmodically into the rippling waves; her name, once painted in yellow letters on the stern, was almost obliterated. "How symbolical of my memory!" she mused; "it's a peaceful spot, so tranquil an' free fra care; the waves an' the white dookers [sea-gulls] seem tae beckon me tae them; I'll rise an' gang."

In the cool of a September morning, and almost the second anniversary of Aggie's wedding, Gavin Thornton was rowing toward the shore; he had been out since the ebbing of the tide, twelve hours before, and pulled a lagging, heavy stroke. The tan of wind and sun did not hide the pallor of extreme weariness that was on his face. The mist of early morn still hung over the surface of the sea; a



"And there, with her beautiful white face upturned to the sky, lay Agnes, brought hither in the soft embrace of the incoming tide, and gently laid where a loving heart would find and care for her."

great flock of tern rose screeching from their crannies in the Gantoc Reef, and flew seaward.

Gavin beached his boat, and his well seasoned eye, quick to discern a foreign body on the landscape, was drawn to an object lying on the shore. He went nearer, and there, with her beautiful, white face upturned to the sky, lay Agnes, brought hither in the soft embrace of the

incoming tide, and gently laid where a loving heart would find and care for her.

He fell on his knees beside his dead sweetheart; he raised the wet hands to his lips and kissed them passionately.

"Oh, Aggie, wee lass," he whispered piteously, "tae think that God should send ye back tae me in this way; I've fancied ye'r return in every manner but this, an' I was na prepared for it. He

surely meant ye for me, dearie, for ye've come tae me twice at his biddin'!"

He spoke wildly, caressing and disentangling the long strands of hair from the stones and sea-weed. He pressed his lips again and again to the closed eyelids.

"An' tae think that these bonnie lips canna tell me what awfu' sorrow drove ye till such an end!"

He gathered her in his arms and laid her in the bottom of the boat, covering the beloved face with a corner of the old sail; then he knelt by her side and wept as strong men weep but once in a lifetime.

So her burden of life was laid down in the "wee kirkyard" upon the brae that overlooked the sea, where the gulls and waves that heralded her birth would softly chant her requiem.



## A PIONEER SKETCH.

BY MRS. RUTH TOURTELLOT.

### I.

IN THE summer of 1845, a boat passed up the Mississippi bearing among its passengers a young man whose quiet but genial manner attracted his fellow passengers. His fair, resolute face indicated a fearless spirit; his physique denoted strength, and when the large brown eyes lighted up his calm face there was a luminous quality which charmed. His fair curling auburn hair was swept back from a broad and high forehead.

The afternoon sun illuminated the eastern shore with a mellow radiance; the western shore already threw its deepening shadows far out upon the river, the great granite bluffs standing like silent sentinels guarding the "Father of Waters." The bold hills and fertile valleys were as yet untouched by the woodman's ax, and the stern, grim aspect of nature had not relaxed under the caressing hand of art. The grand, rugged outlines of rock and precipice were still as from the Creator's hand. Advancing civilization had rather chosen the fertile uplands westward, and already the virgin soil of Iowa was broken by the hand of progress.

The breeze died away as the sun declined, and while Paul Berkley stood gazing in silence on the western shore with its fast deepening shadows, thought and memory looked back with love and

longing to the home and friends from whom he was journeying. He could not forget even for a time, amid the quick succession of scenes and varying landscape of this new West, the dear one who had promised at no distant day to share with him his pioneer life. Hope reached out into the future with warm, glowing arguments.

He knew that the life before him did not mean ease or self-indulgence. He had brought the best there was in him into action, and was master, not slave, to his fancies. His own noble characteristics and his steady Christian faith lifted him above all lower considerations.

The day had ended when the glimmering lights of the city of Dubuque appeared. The rising moon beheld the face of the setting sun, and threw a soft, misty light over the deepening twilight.

After a brief sojourn in this enterprising young city, Paul Berkley set his face westward by stage—for the iron horse, thundering over his shining track of steel, had not yet ventured upon the then unbroken soil.

All along the way, Paul's quick eye and ear had caught the changing sights and sounds, as he studied the face of the summer landscape, dimpled here and there with soft, sunny hollows, smiling in

all the freshness and verdure of June. The road wound along through wooded uplands on its right, and at the left the bright waters of the river swept in long, graceful curves. The hand of nature had been prodigal in adorning this lovely valley. Close to its banks, on the one hand, stretched verdant pastures, and, on the other, hills and wood-crowned uplands, while here and there was seen the bold outline of some quaint rock, as if hurled to this fair spot by some avenging god, and nature had covered the scar with her mantle of living green.

On the farther bank just across the lowlands stood two rude log houses such as our pioneer fathers built.

These have long since disappeared, and but little is left now to remind one of those early days, save here and there a time-tried primitive chimney looms up, a rude monument of the past, bringing up memories of the dear old hearthstone, with its glowing back-log, its ruddy blaze and dancing shadows.

John Carroll and Robert Joslyn had, a few years previous to the opening of our story, bought a claim here, on which they subsequently laid out the present village of L—.

When the mind reverts to the early days of our Western history, we feel that a venerable air is already gathering about it. So many changes have transpired since then. The conditions of men and of society are widely different. In those days the habits and tastes of life were more simple. Men came in contact with nature at every turn, and she imparted to them, not only strength and vigor, but a combined simplicity and dignity of character. Now the pulse of life and energy beats with such feverish and impatient throbs that it is difficult to bear up against the tide. Yet, whatever changes have come to us, we hold in grateful remembrance those men many of whom have no written history save that recorded upon the hearts of those who knew best their simple lives of self-denial and zeal for the public good.

Such were those who grasped Paul's hand in hearty welcome, as he stepped

out of the stage, just as the sun went down.

These friends, among whom his lot had been cast, were more companionable than he had anticipated. In John Carroll he always found the same faithful, prudent friend, in whom was ever an underlying tone of brotherly interest and kindness which was gratifying to the young man. He discovered some most noble traits of character in his new friend that at once fixed in his mind both respect and confidence. Most prominent was an unerring sense of justice, and a beautiful charity for mankind in general. This virtue—and without it no one can be greatly loved or respected—had its unseen influence on all who knew him. As might be expected, the friendship between these men became like an immovable rock in its fidelity.

Paul's poetic soul expanded amid the solitary and ennobling influences of nature and the new life he was living. He became better fitted for the place of teacher and friend. The children loved him because of his kindly nature that took into his own sympathies all their joys and sorrows, and, sustaining this by an earnestness of purpose and sincerity of heart, won all alike.

There being no school-house at the time, the children gathered in the loft of a log wagon shop, and were taught the early principles which afterwards helped to make them useful and prominent citizens.

In the life of every soul there are sudden pauses. Perchance God reaches down into the human heart and touches it with a wrenching pain, to bring it back from its wanderings and waywardness unto Himself. John Carroll experienced this great, overwhelming shadow when, one December morning, the dark angel entered his home and took the wife of his youth from him.

Quietly and unhesitatingly the mother laid down her cares and followed the silent messenger, while weeping children stretched out yearning arms for the comfort none could bring.

It was to Paul that the bereaved husband and children turned for sympathy. It was he who spoke words of comfort and pointed the way through the darkness of the tomb to the eternal joys beyond.

To the children he seemed like a calm, quiet haven, where their sorrow-tossed hearts anchored, until their tear-dimmed eyes could penetrate the clouds and see the light above.

Beside the shrouded form he read in a low voice: "The last enemy to be destroyed is Death"; "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

What was it that touched his heart with such pathetic sadness, as the family gathered around the lonely hearth those long winter hours? Why did his heart go out in passionate yearning and love for the sweet girl who had held his avowed affection for years? Some unseen voice seemed to chant a dirge of sorrow. He struggled to be cheerful—to be strong, as he remembered how others suffered.

Spring came and nature opened her laboratory for the sun, earth and air, each to lend marvelous skill in perfecting life and beauty.

The Sabbath stillness rested like a benediction over all things. Yet Paul Berkley's soul was rebellious. His pale face bore the marks of physical and mental suffering. Still there was something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of enduring without complaint. As he walked slowly along he murmured, "Poor Janet, how can I tell her, when love and life seem more and more beautiful each passing day!" A hollow cough checked his words. "Yes," he continued, "and every day brings me nearer to the inevitable parting from her who is dearer than life to me."

He wended his way by field and forest, but the invigorating air, the moving breeze, the singing bird, could not dispel the sadness that now clouded his life. On he slowly wandered, scarce heeding whither his footsteps led him, until he

came to a woodland, through which a line of silver betrayed the course of a little brooklet whose waters gushed forth from the rocks above.

On a bank carpeted with moss and feathery ferns Paul threw himself, weary and heartsore, and there fought the great conflict.

It was not until the afternoon shadows had crept across the silent glen that he took his homeward way, but his soul had received the "grace sufficient" and was strengthened, not only for this hour but for those to come. His faith had received Him "who giveth the victory," and he was filled with peace and the joy of believing that "God would do all things well."

Winter was again sifting snow over the brown earth. Paul lay upon a couch beside a window which faced the west. He had always loved to watch the glowing sunset, and now he asked that he might once more look upon the familiar scene. Beside him sat John Carroll, his hand clasping the wasted fingers of his dying friend. "Tell her," he feebly whispered, "I loved her always, even unto death, and in Heaven all love is fulfilled."

Bidding each a quiet farewell, he turned his thin, wasted face toward the glowing west. The sun was slowly sinking into a mass of roseate-tinted clouds. The eyes of the dying man lit up with a radiance not of earth,—a gentle sigh,—and Paul Berkley entered into rest.

## II.

In a seaboard state a little village nestled cozily among the hills, at the foot of which flowed a broad river, on whose breast scarcely a motion rippled the ever-moving current, so shut in it was by the wooded hills around. A misty haze softened the sharp outlines of the rugged mountains beyond. Several mills formed a feature of the picturesque scenery. In the outskirts of town stood a large house with wide, sloping roof and low, mossy eaves—a typical New England house, with its deep piazzas, hospitable doors and great, sunny windows.

A young woman appeared and with hasty steps sought a narrow path leading to the woodland beyond. Crossing the brow of a rocky hill, she entered a well-worn foot-path. Now she slackened her pace, and as she walked with slow, thoughtful steps, one saw that a great sorrow had fallen upon her life. She was of medium height and shapely form. Her wealth of brown hair was coiled low at the back of her head. Her large eyes were inexpressibly sad.

Janet Austin was indeed a mourner, and refused to be comforted. Death had cut deep into her heart with his sickle keen. It seemed that her sun was forever set and the brightness of life had gone out. Paul was dead. Months had passed since the sad blow had fallen, yet she could not become reconciled. John Carroll had written her all the particulars of Paul's illness and death. With the gentleness and tenderness of a brother he had offered his sympathy.

Janet thought of all this as she walked along the old familiar pathway. She felt deeply grateful to this friend of Paul's. She had written and expressed her gratitude for all that had been done for her beloved dead.

At last Janet reached a pair of moss-covered bars with posts of lichen gray. Here the path slipped away from the road to a shadowy retreat where the soft winds whispered their sylvan secrets to the aromatic pines.

The whole mystery and beauty of this fragrant solitude seemed to belong to her now, for here the sweetest memories clustered. Here Paul had oftenest gathered the wild flowers for her. On yonder mossy log they had sat and listened to the shy wood-bird's trilling song, and had watched them build their tiny nests.

She remembered how once a saucy chipmunk sat on a decayed stump near by, looking askance at the lovers, all the while jerking his nervous little body, and finally, with a sharp "chick-a-ree," he had sped away. How Paul laughed! Janet could almost fancy she heard the ringing music yet.

Down a little slope was a moist, loamy spot where they had searched in early spring for the trailing arbutus. On still a little farther, the stream crossed the path and plunged into a hollow—a musical little waterfall. There Paul had made a rustic seat, and the two had often sat and planned their future. It was here they had listened to the music of love's low-spoken word. She sat down and, covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. "O, how can I live the years to come, alone!" she exclaimed. "Why did I not go to him! Why was I not with him in those last hours!"

Her grief at length spent itself, and she sat listening to the ceaseless water music and watching the reflecting shadows in the transparent pool below.

Janet was a sincere Christian, and hers was a strong Puritan character. Her heart no longer trembled with its burden of pain. She had come out of the depths and attained a higher ground. Yes, "out of the depths" she had cried for help, and now "out of the depths" she breathed the grateful prayer for that which comes only to those who are willing to "lie low." O, 'tis there we lose ourselves and find God. There are times in our lives when strength and weakness stand over against each other in sharp contrast; the one may seem inconsistent with the other, yet there is a sense in which strength may come through weakness. In a well-poised character one often discovers powers not before realized. So it was with Janet. Turning from the past, she looked from the threshold of her womanhood forward along the years to come. The words of the poet came to her mind:

"The strength of men sinks in the hour of trial;  
But there doth lie a power,  
That to the battle girdeth the weak."

So she, stretching out weak hands to lay hold of Divine help, felt holy aspirations quicken her. She was as one who had been treading difficult ground, but was safely come out of it. She was determined to exert the influence of a



cheerful, courageous life. Her's should be a labor of love for God and humanity.

### III.

More than three years had passed since our story opened. The town which John Carroll and his early pioneer friend had laid out a few years before had grown rapidly and prospered. Where oak groves and underbrush had stood, thrifty homes had taken their place. Occasional letters had passed between the friend of Paul Berkley and Janet, but her sad reserve had ever held in check any expression of feeling save that of brotherly interest; but as the cold, bleak winds sighed among the cedars and moaned their requiem over the graves of buried hopes, his soul grew almost desperate in its loneliness. At last he resolved to go back to his old home in the far East, and while there seek out Janet, and, if possible, overcome the obstacles that might prevent his winning her for his wife.

The journey accomplished, he was one evening ushered into the pleasant sitting

room of Janet's home. It was a cozy picture of home comfort that greeted him. A cheerful fire burned brightly upon the wide hearth. A small table drawn near the center of the room, had carefully arranged upon it a few choice books and engravings. The tall, old-fashioned book-shelves on each side of the fireplace were well filled with volumes carefully put in order. The easy chairs and other belongings bespoke the comfort and ease found in a well-ordered New England home.

When John took Janet's hand in greeting, she lifted her eyes eagerly to his, and felt he understood her as well as if she had said, "You were Paul's friend and for his sake you are welcome." But for a moment they clasped hands, and no word was spoken. She brushed the unbidden tear from her cheek and bade him welcome. To her, he seemed a man of many noble attributes. His observing eye took in every detail regarding the woman he had come to woo and win if possible. As she took some dainty



Engraved from Photo by M. H. McArthur.

#### SCENE ON THE MAQUOKETA RIVER.

"The road wound along through wooded uplands on its right, and at the left the bright waters of the river swept in long, graceful curves."

needle-work from the table near her and applied herself to it, he watched the deft fingers, the half averted face,—the profile of which stood out in the glowing fire-light distinct and clear cut. Her expressive eyes indicated the traces of early sorrow that he felt he shared in part with her. His genial smile and cheerful talk seemed an inspiration and lifted the sadness from her heart. At times her face flushed with pleasure or a sunny smile trembled upon her lips. Gradually the conversation lagged; then followed that strange silence which sometimes comes upon human hearts when they feel they are understood without the aid of words. He understood all she had suffered better than anyone else; he seemed so strong and sympathetic, and her heart cried out or love and sympathy. She knew even then that he loved her and had come all this long journey to tell her in his own words, but had she not resolved long since to put away all thoughts of love and happiness and live to do good to others? Her manner became constrained and awkward. John tried to read the expression of her face as she withdrew the hand he had taken.

"Will you not trust me, Janet?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "but, O, you must forgive me, I cannot; I must live alone. Believe me, it is better so."

"Janet," he said, with a touch of mingled reproach and sadness, "have I caused you pain? I, too, have lived for years a sad and lonely life. Do I not understand it all?"

She felt she had hurt his noble heart by her coldness. How selfish she was, as she pictured his desolation and lonely life away in his far Western home where Paul now slept. All these things appealed strongly to her womanly nature.

"Was he not Paul's friend, and would not Paul have had it so?" her heart whispered. Now she put out her hands and her voice trembled as she said, "Forgive me."

He caught her hand and pressed it

eagerly to his lips. "Janet, I am sure Paul would have you happy, and I will make you happier than you will be in this lonely life here. Look into your own heart and tell me that you will try to love me, if only a little now. I feel sure you will love me better as you learn how gently and patiently I will wait."

"Oh, my brother," she exclaimed, "be pitiful! The old love is not dead. I loved him with all my heart and soul," she murmured passionately, her eyes softening dreamily.

"My poor child!" There was an underlying tenderness in his tone that reassured her. He waited until she had grown calmer.

"I loved him, too, Janet. I do not want you to cease loving him nor would I desire to crowd out his memory, but will it not be a comfort to know that I, his friend, love you and will do all in my power to make you happy?"

"Yes, it is a comfort and a joy, and I will try to love you as you deserve and to be to you what I might have been to —," here the word died away with a sob. He took her in his arms with her cheek resting against his face. He held her as if she had been a little child. She felt once more what a strength of love enfolded her, and was at peace.

So they were wedded, and not long after, they took the journey that she and Paul had long before planned. As they neared their destination, he tenderly said to her, "Janet, will you not try to be happy in this new home?"

"Yes, John, I have just been thinking how good you have been to me, and what I would have missed had I let you return alone."

"O, how lovely!" she exclaimed, as they came up the valley. "Paul often told me in his letters of his walks and thoughts amid these beautiful scenes. I already love them for his sake. How doubly precious they will be as day by day they more and more firmly unite the loved past with our new life!"

## HAL.

By H. H. CAMPBELL.

"YOU Hal—Hal—HAL—lie!" The voice of an irritated woman rang out on the autumn air with a harsh, scolding accent.

"I do wonder what that boy can be doing," added the speaker to herself. After a moment's waiting, again a loud, long-drawn "Hal—lie" rang out over the prairies. Another short pause, in a listening attitude, and the listener was rewarded by hearing a faint answer—half halloo, half sob—"Yes 'um," and the sad, tear-stained face of Hal appeared around the corner of the straw-stable a few rods away.

"You lazy beggar, you! you've been mopin' an' poutin' 'round all mornin', an' this cream's been ready to churn for the last half hour. Now, if you don't stop that sniffin' an' git to work, I'll thrash you to an inch of y'r life!" And, suiting the action to the word, Mrs. Mayfield struck the boy a resounding blow with her open hand as he passed her in the doorway.

Hal was not her son, bless you, no! He had been brought West by the Mayfields the year before when they "drove through." They needed him to help drive the loose stock, and so offered to bring him West and give him a home.

The long journey was a sore trial for Hal. Day after day, foot-sore and weary, he had plodded behind the tired and lazy cattle, who would leave the road, whenever opportunity afforded, to nip the tempting bunches of grass at the roadside. Back and forth Hal would tramp all day, keeping the stragglers well up with the leaders. Occasionally Mr. Mayfield would exchange places with Hal and allow him to drive the team, while he drove the cattle. But this did not happen often, and many nights, when Hal lay down under the wagon, he was too tired to sleep, and for hours he used to

look up at the stars and wish that morning might never come. Then his memory would go back to the time when a gentle, blue-eyed woman used to hold him on her knee and tell him stories.

His parents had been dead for several years, and kindly disposed but not overly well-to-do neighbors had helped him to eke out a passable living. But boys were plenty in the neighborhood, and Hal, having no particular claim upon anyone, seemed to be of no special use; so, when the Mayfields decided to move West and offered to take him with them and give him a home, he could do nothing but go.

Most mornings in Hal's life were sad, but the one on which our story opens was specially so. In the spring Mr. Mayfield had set apart a small piece of ground and told Hal that he might have what he could raise from it, but that he must work it at odd hours and not take time from the regular work. Hal had planted the ground to potatoes, and, a few days since, had dug his crop and found that he had about thirty dollars' worth. How he gloated over his prospective wealth! What wonderful things he would buy with it! After he had fitted himself out with a new suit from head to toe there would be several dollars remaining. He planned to do many things, with what would be left, but all his plans centered around the one human being in all the wide world whom he devotedly loved,—bright, prattling Harry, the pet and tyrant of the household.

Harry was three years old and Hal was fourteen, but an affection had sprung up between them that those who never have lived on the prairies, miles from any neighbors, can hardly comprehend. Hal had no companions of his own age. His playtime was spent with Harry, and all his affections, which under other circumstances would have gone out to

older companions, clustered about him. No papers came to the Mayfield home, and books were few, so that Harry was the chief factor in his elder companion's life. As a result, the thought of what he would buy for Harry gave Hal almost, if not quite, as much pleasure as the thought of what he would buy for himself.

Several things had gone wrong on the new farm during the summer and fall, occasioning some loss, and on this morning when Hal went to the stable to do the chores he found the best cow dead in the stall where he had tied her the evening before. She was tangled in her rope, which was somewhat longer than it should have been, and Mr. Mayfield jumped at the conclusion that she had become entangled in the rope and thrown herself, and thus been killed. Without any investigation, therefore, the blame was thrown upon Hal and he was given a severe flogging and informed that his potato crop should go to make good the loss. Had Mr. Mayfield examined into the matter, he would have found that the cow had choked on a piece of turnip he himself had given her just before closing the stable the evening before, and that in her dying struggle she had become tangled in the rope. Hal had discovered this after he had been punished, and the fact did not tend to improve his temper.

The loss of his potatoes meant another year for Hal to go scantily clad in cast-off clothing; it also spoiled all his plans in regard to Harry.

At breakfast the matter was talked over by Mr. and Mrs. Mayfield, and they decided to go the next day to a neighbor's, six miles distant, and buy a cow. Hal was to be left at home to look after the house and stock, and Harry was to stay with him.

"I'm most afraid to leave to-day," said Mr. Mayfield. "There's a big black cloud in the northwest an' I'm afraid its smoke; don't look quite right."

"If you'd only put out them fire-guards last week," commented his wife, "there wouldn't be the least bit of danger if fire did come, but if fire ever gits started in

this dry grass, with a strong wind behind it, it'll outrun a race-horse."

After breakfast another look was taken at the cloud, and as it seemed to be no nearer than before, and the wind blowing it directly away, they decided to go.

"Now, Hal, take good care of Harry, an' don't let any harm come to him, for if you do, you know what you'll git when I git home. D'y' hear?" This parting threat came from Harry's mother as she climbed into the wagon.

"If a storm comes up, be sure the cattle are all secure, an' look after things careful like," added Mr. Mayfield, in a milder tone, as he drove away.

Hal did not deign to reply. He was still feeling very bitter. He busied himself looking after things about the place for an hour or so, followed everywhere by Harry.

Presently the wind made a sudden change and began to blow hard directly from that "big black cloud" which Mr. Mayfield had feared.

In a few minutes it began to grow dark and Hal glanced up at the sun and found it clouded over,—clouded very suddenly, he thought. This was his first year on the frontier. He had heard of but had never seen what was coming. He looked to the northwest. That cloud was growing rapidly. It rolled and tumbled in a very peculiar manner.

"That's 'bout the queerest lookin' cloud I ever see," he said, half to himself, half to Harry, as he stood looking away over the rolling plain. "I most believe it's smoke; if y'r pa'd only put out them fire guards!"

In a few minutes he was sure it was smoke, for he could see the fire as it came over the hill, a few miles distant. Long, black columns of smoke blew over him, driven by a fast-rising wind, which was now almost a gale. All the stories he had heard about the dreaded "prairie fire" arose in his mind and he knew there was great danger.

The cattle, corralled near by, had scented danger and stood with elevated head and extended nose, taking long, deep breaths and lowing.

Smoke was rolling in immense volume, making it almost as dark as twilight. The roar of the oncoming line of fire could now be heard, more terrifying than the rumble of a herd of cattle on a stampede.

What could be done? For himself, Hal would almost have been willing to die, for life just then was far from pleasant. But Harry! To see the flames like a fierce monster rush upon him and burn those curls, and parch and blacken those cheeks,—never!

"What can I do?" was the question Hal asked himself over and over again. The dry grass came up almost to the house. The stable was still more exposed;—no hope in either. He took another look at the fire. It was rapidly approaching, while the smoke was growing denser and more frightful.

The attitude of the cattle had changed. Instead of standing sniffing the air, they were running about the corral, bellowing excitedly and looking for some way of escape. Their noise attracted Hal's attention.

"Nouse to let 'em stay there and roast," thought he, "so I'll just let down the bars and give 'em a chance."

No sooner were the cattle free than they galloped away toward the river, ten miles distant. "They'll never reach it," muttered Hal as he watched them.

An idea came to him. In the corral the grass had been trampled down and destroyed. It was the only spot for miles around over which the fire would not run. Even Hal's potato patch had grown a thick cover of "tickle grass," since the last hoeing, which was heavy enough to furnish abundant material for the fire.

"Could we lie down in the corral and not burn to death?" was the question which came to Hal. He thought not. The corral was small and the fire was fierce.

"No, we can't both get through, but I'll try to save Harry," was his conclusion, and Hal's lips were set with a determination which showed that the question was settled.

"Now, Harry, you stand here while Hallie goes to the house," and Hal placed the little fellow in the center of the corral. "Hallie wont be gone long," he added.

The gravity of the situation was impressing itself upon even three-year-old Harry, and he stood where he had been placed, watching the cloud of smoke.

Hal was soon in the house. He snatched a blanket from the bed and threw it into an empty tub. With these and a pail of water he ran back to the corral. Then he took a hasty glance at the fire. There was still some time to spare, and he employed it by carrying three more pails of water from the well and emptying them into the tub. He then spread the wet blanket on the ground, and was ready for the battle.

The fire was approaching at terrific speed. The flames leaped high into the air and lighted the surrounding landscape, despite the cloud of smoke which completely shut out the sun. The air was growing hot and dry. A flock of prairie chickens flew overhead and a large jack-rabbit ran by at a speed which, Hal thought, would save him if he could keep it up.

The first fright of the occasion had passed off, and Hal noted all these things as carefully as he could have noted them had he been out sight-seeing.

"There, now, don't cry, Harry; it's a scorcher all right, but Hallie'll see you don't get burnt," said Hal, as Harry began to cry.

The fire had now almost reached the house. The time for action had come. Hal quickly rolled Harry in the wet blanket.

"Lie still, Harry, an' don't try to get out until Hallie tells you to, for if you do the fire'll burn you up, sure," said he, as he placed his small charge on the ground.

When Hal looked up again the fire had reached the house. In an instant it was a sheet of flame. How hot it was! How thick and stifling the smoke had become! How the wet blanket around Harry did steam! Hal poured a pail of water over Harry, and then lay down to get a breath of pure air. One good long breath was

all he allowed himself; then he struggled to his feet to pour more water on Harry.

Hal had made one mistake; he had placed Harry too close to the straw-stable, instead of getting near the outer edge of the corral. The heat was now almost intolerable; the very air seemed on fire. His hair burned. His face and hands were blistered, and his clothing had caught fire. In his great care for Harry he had forgotten to wet his own clothing. He now raised the pail over his head and let the water run down over himself, thus extinguishing the fire in his clothing. He was almost exhausted, and sank to his knees, but with one last desperate effort he tipped the burning tub over on Harry—and then all became a blank.

When the anxious parents reached home, after the fire had passed, they found Harry crying over the motionless form of Hal.

"Hallie's s'leep; Harry tant wake 'im," was his comment, as his mother pressed him to her bosom.

After long, weary days of suffering, but the tenderest care, Hal came back to life. But his face is scarred; his hands and arms are misshapen; the sight of one eye is destroyed; and in stature he is no taller than on that fearful day when he was tried by fire. But, in spite of this, he has the best the Mayfield household affords, and Harry, a big boy now, thinks he is the handsomest fellow in the world.



## THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS.

A HISTORY OF THREE YEARS' LIFE IN DAKOTA.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

### PART IV.—LONESOME DAYS.

COW CREEK Basin, after the fire, was again a wilderness of prairie, only more bleak and desolate than before, to the two small families left in it. Jones—a single man—had lost most of his stock and machinery. He became discouraged and quit the country. The others were forced to do so, having lost all they had. They had only saved their lives by taking refuge on their new fields of breaking, or by rushing perilously out of their dwellings after the fire had caught in them and passed.

Barrington drove his family to Mariette the next day, sold his team and wagon and took a train for New York, where he went to live upon his father's farm, as he had been often urged to do. The editor of the *Courier*, in search of news, had found them at the Emigrant's Home before they started, and got the story of their mishaps and adventures.

Tom and Maisie figured in his account printed the next day. The rescue of Mrs. Barrington and her children might have given them considerable local celebrity but for other and numerous tales of hairbreadth escapes afloat.

As it was, the months of fall and winter were lonesome and discouraging enough to the young settlers. The old corn and the barley ran short early in November, and the pigs had to be sold. They had to have warm clothes, as they had worn out the stock brought with them. It took the sale of the pigs, the two yearlings—a steer and a heifer—and all of Maisie's surplus chickens, to furnish the bare necessities of life during that long cold season. After nearly two years of hard work there were left them only the horses, two cows and a calf—the lame one had perished in the fire—and forty or fifty hens. Tom's note for the horses was still out for \$90 and interest. Then there was grain



to purchase for the spring sowing with but the doubtful prospect of a crop at the end of another year.

And by this time they had hoped to have a "frame house" and to be living "like somebody"!

About the first of September Tom went over to the Coteau Wheat Farm—which had been saved from damage by the flames through the foresight and experience of its owner—and tried to get work for himself and Maisie until spring should open. He offered to work for their board if his stock, too, might be kept there. But the proprietor was "full handed" for the winter season, and regretted that he could not give them employment. Howell seemed a very pleasant, intelligent fellow—still rather young to own such a large property. Tom noted the big herd of cattle at the corrals—kept upon a free range in summer—with four sturdy men busy about the big place, and was fired with a new spirit of determination to win a like success.

Sometimes Maisie would broach the subject of selling out and going back to Greenville, but Tom would not listen. If worse came to worst, he said, he would find work somewhere in the county and hang on until "things changed."

They had one more mouth to provide for, too, at the cabin—a big, gaunt dog, which came to them the day after the fire. The creature came and scratched, whining at the door, while they were eating dinner. He was a pitiful object enough, at first, the hair nearly all singed off him, with two burned feet which he held up alternately, whimpering for sympathy, and with one eye gone—put out by smoke and flame. Tom was no gunner and had felt that he could not afford to keep a dog. But the poor animal's appeal for shelter was not to be resisted, and Maisie's pleadings would have won a home for the forlorn animal in any event.

The dog proved to be only a pup—in spite of his great size—a shaggy fellow of brindle gray, when his hair grew again. When well of his burns he turned out playful and good-natured, and a great com-

fort to Maisie when Tom was out of sight. Maisie baked corn-bread for him and christened him Jean. Jean and a new baby at the Seversons'—which she ran over to see nearly every day—were her chief sources of entertainment for many months. There was little to do. Tom hauled wood—for the fire had not burned the scattered fringes of trees on Cow Creek. He built a comfortable hen-house—in log-house fashion—of ash poles, with an outer wall and roof of sods. Then he had a diversion for a time in trapping prairie chickens which, happily, furnished a welcome addition to their larder. There were numbers of these grouse (pinnated) upon the prairie, besides numerous ducks and wild geese in season, flying about the distant ponds, and there were occasional jack rabbits; but Tom, never a hunter, owned no gun, and thus far had left the wild things, even the coyotes, unmolested.

This fall, however, the wild chickens, starved out upon grounds that were swept dry of the usual weed seeds and the shelter of the patches and fields of grass left by the ordinary fires, came in upon his and Halvor's fields in great numbers. They fed upon Tom's millet stacks and piles of barley straw. He had thrashed the barley sheaves as the grain was needed—using a long willow club—and then pushed the straw to one side.

Every morning and evening for weeks the millet stack and the scattered pile of straw were alive with throngs of busy grouse. Tom made traps of willow sticks, in "figure four" style, and a large box-shaped one with doors which he set about the stack and the field close by. Though he baited these enticingly with corn and barley, the birds for a long time would not go into them.

Then came a slight snow—two or three inches—about December 1st. It fell in the night, and the morning after his traps were full! Eleven chickens had crowded through the swinging door of the big box trap where ears of corn had hung in sight above the snow. Three more were caught in the figure fours. It was a great haul. But the flock, frightened at the flutter and

fuss of the caged ones, had flown, and after that were rather wary of his traps, though at intervals, when pinched by hunger, one or two would venture in and furnish a meal at the cabin.

But little snow fell that winter and the weather was milder than was usual in that latitude. There were no fierce blizzards and the snow melted off in February. March came in dry and cloudless, with every appearance of continued drouth.

A remnant of the Russian settlers, who had stayed through the winter, became discouraged and moved to the Mennonite settlements of Ziskov and Hawlejek near Yankton,—whither most of them had gone after the fire. For twelve miles north of Cow Creek the Hewitts and the Seversons were the only settlers left along the road to Marionette.

When frost was out of the ground Tom began spring plowing, not knowing where the grain was to come from to sow his land. He finished a field of twelve or fifteen acres, turning the dry earth with much difficulty—nearly wearing out his ill-fed team—and quite exhausting his patience at times. Then as no rain fell he gave it up.

"It's no use," he said to Maisie; "we've got to fight drouth again this year. Howell said last fall this year would be dryer than last, and he knows the country. I'm not going to try to farm till a wet year comes. I'll get work at one of the stock ranges somewhere around here, where I can come and sleep on the claim often enough to hold it, and we'll sell the horses and cows and pay our debts, and send you back to Greenville till better times come."

And Maisie, who had grown dull, weary and discouraged, too, could see no other outlook. She cried a good deal, though, and begged Tom to wait a few days and see if rain would come. If it would only come, they could get their seed on credit and try again. If was after nearly a week of dismal waiting that an incident occurred which swiftly changed their plans and prospects, and in the end brought them success.

It was about noon on a still, clear day in the last of March that Tom, who was cutting wood in front of the cabin, heard an unusual rumble of wagon wheels. He looked up and saw quite a train of teams and wagons coming down Cow Creek road. At first he thought a "mover's outfit" was decamping from the country, but as the procession came nearer he made out a frame cabin upon the foremost wagon, a portable steam engine behind, and in the rear two wagons loaded with rods and well-boring apparatus. He had seen such an outfit at Marionette, belonging to an "Artesian Well Company."

He wondered where this one could be going. As they reached the well past which the road ran, between his place and Severson's, the wagons came to a halt. A man got out of a side door in the "caboose"—as these wagon cabins are called—and came across the field at a brisk walk. Visits from strangers were of such unusual occurrence that Tom seated himself on a pile of poles and waited.

As this one came up he proved to be a man of sturdy frame with grizzled beard and business-like air.

"My name's Higley," he announced, unceremoniously, "and my business, boring for artesian water—which sometimes I find and sometimes I don't. You've got a fine quarter here," he added, taking a seat on Tom's wood-pile and thrusting a twig between his teeth. "I am on my way over to the Coteau Farm to bore for Howell; either to get him a flowing well, or to go down a thousand feet, and leave him—with my pockets empty—as dry as I found him. I have been at it two years—struck nine wells, with a good flow, two of 'em spouters, over in Jim River Valley, and three good ones east of Marionette; result, to day you can't buy a single quarter-section where I struck 'em for less'n twenty-five hundred spot cash. The best flows will irrigate a section of land or more, and the least ones forty acres—if your land lays right. Yours does here."

Tom listened with intense interest.

"When Howell and me struck a bargain the other day at Marionette, he wanted me to stop and see you—in fact, he helped me to figure out a proposition for you. He's like myself—he's a firm believer in this Cow Creek flat, and wishes he'd located on it. There's artesian water here if there is anywhere; and I've proved there is, and I believe it's within four hundred feet of the surface—it is if it's here at all."

He chewed his twig vigorously. Tom waited in nervous excitement. "I've had an eye on this 'dip' here for a year past and I've tried to get those land fellows at Marionette and Mitchell, who own most of it, interested. But they're waiting for somebody else to start the improvements and then they'll step in and take advantage of 'em."

He talked rapidly, but Tom felt a choking impatience for the end—the promised "proposition."

It came soon.

"See?" said Higley, getting up. "Where do your lines run here?"

Tom pointed them out as best he could with so few landmarks.

"Yes, that's what I thought—what Howell said," he replied; "your shanty and field's on your east eighty and the end of that strip of plowing is on your north line—just the place for a well, too, and there's where you want to build; and don't it just lay fine!—slopes toward the south," and he squinted one eye over the prairie towards the creek, "with jest about a twelve-foot drop to the mile, 'n level as a barn floor—irrigate the whole valley without sticking a single surveyor's stake! Now I'll tell you what I'll do. Deed me that west eighty of yours, or give me a contract for it, which is just as good till you get your patent, and I'll put a hole down on your north line, at the end of that plowing, four hundred and fifty feet, and put down a galvanized iron pipe with a three-inch aperture, and if I don't get you a flowing well, I'll put you in a wind pump, with eighteen-foot wheel, that'll pump water enough to

irrigate five or six acres, if you keep it running, which you can, night and day. Then you can plant potatoes, supply the home market and live independent while your neighbors starve. What do you say? Eighty acres of rich land like this," he added, "is enough for a good farmer and too much for a poor one. My price for a well is one dollar and twenty-five cents a foot for the first three hundred feet, and a dollar-fifty for the next two hundred, so you see I am paying a fair price for your land. Come, have you got the sand to do it?"

"Yes," said Tom, "if you'll go right at it, so as to give me a chance to plant a patch of potatoes this spring." He was afraid of delay.

"All right," was the matter-of-fact reply; "you'll have to furnish dry wood for the engine. There's no hurry about the Howell job; I've got all summer for that, and with no bad luck I can finish yours in two weeks."

They went inside the cabin; Tom explained to Maisie, and a contract was drawn and signed, which had only to wait for acknowledgment and record to be complete.

A few hours later the men had their engine at work drilling a well. They boarded themselves and teams and all Tom had to do was to haul and cut wood for their furnace.

For the first two hundred and fifty feet they used an augur and sank the piping rapidly. Then they struck sand rock and the work was slower, with much handling of long, spliced drills. Tom lost faith as they drilled on day after day without finding water at all. The men were a quiet, hard-working lot, however, and said little.

On the 10th day of April, in the afternoon, when they had been working just thirteen days, and in the midst of a slight shower of rain, the first of the spring, Higley came to the shanty and called Tom out. His face was beaming with quiet satisfaction. "We've struck it," he said; "a good flow of pure water—shoots fourteen inches above the pipe—regular little creek!"

Tom and Maisie rushed out to the machinery in wild excitement, to find their well bubbling forth a volume of water that had already flooded several square rods of surface. The pipe from which it flowed projected four feet above the surface, and a steady spurt reached, as Higley had said, a foot or more above the top.

"Now," said the man of business, "I'll show you how to irrigate that field." He sat upon his heels and drew a map with his finger in the mud. "You want to build your lateral — just a shallow affair — with your plow and hoe or shovel, along the end of this plowing, on either side the well here; put your drag into that field, harrow all those hard lumps down, then run furrows — so — eight feet apart, plant two rows of potatoes in each bed, then just let the water out along in a dozen places or so as you need it, and let it drizzle down between those rows — I'll risk your crop."

The next day Tom went to Marionette and laid his plans before a merchant. The man listened with deep interest, and readily agreed to ship in and furnish seed potatoes, also all the supplies Tom would want for the summer, on credit, only stipulating that he should handle the whole crop at the market price, when harvested. It was a shrewd bargain for the merchant, as events proved. Potatoes were the scarcest and dearest articles of food in the country, and the next winter they went to two dollars per bushel.

Tom hired Halvor to help him, as the Norwegian, owing to the drouth, had given up raising a crop that year, and was glad to work and take his pay in "store credit." With their plows and by shoveling they succeeded in building a "lateral" which would hold water. It was forty rods long, with a ditch at the west end which would let the surplus water down past Tom's cabin. Then the ground was prepared, — ten acres or about that, — the seed got and planted, —

the furrow ditches plowed, — and the water let on. By experiment and careful watching they were able to flood the field at will. By the middle of May the planting was all done.

In the meantime there had been but two or three light showers of rain, — barely enough to start the grass. That summer was, in fact, dryer than the preceding one, though fortunately not so frequent in hot winds.

The potatoes and the garden, with some early corn and melons, flourished under Tom's, Halvor's and Maisie's tending.

One day in June, Howell rode over, while they were at work, and inspected the work and field.

"Well," he said, cheerily, as he rode up, "you *have* done a big thing, haven't you?"

He ran his eyes admiringly over the rows of rank green plants. "You'll harvest, a couple of thousand 'dollars' worth of potatoes this fall! — beats wheat raising all hollow in these dry times. Higley's down nine hundred feet at my place, and no more sign of a flowing well than there is — of rain," he added, smiling still cheerfully.

The potatoes ripened in August, and Tom and Halvor began digging them and hauling to market. On the second day of October they finished, and Tom Hewitt had sold two thousand and eighty-five bushels at an average of seventy cents per bushel — that being the price at which they could then be shipped in from Iowa. His success was the talk of the town for weeks, and Higley had a dozen contracts for well-boring on hand before winter set in.

Tom and Maisie paid their debts, then hired carpenters to build a snug frame house, with lumber and material that had been bought and hauled from town during the potato marketing.

At last they had begun to "live like somebody."

[To be Continued.]

## BOOMTOWN AND WHIPLASH RIVER.

A SKETCH OF THE MIDDLE-WEST A QUARTER CENTURY AGO.

BY JAMES CLARENCE JONES.

BOOMTOWN had been dubbed a city in anticipation of its greatness, which every one of its fifteen hundred inhabitants believed in as a maiden believes in her lover. The machinery of a city government had been set up in readiness to grind out city politics as soon as need should arise, or sooner, if possible. There were a mayor, a board of aldermen, and other artificial contrivances, supported inadequately by a special tax. The city officials borrowed additional dignity by standing occasionally on the steps of the court-house,—a building erected by the county to show this to be "the County Seat." "And if the County Seat, why not in time the State Capital?" inquired the city orators. "Is not Prairie County more central than Grass County, where misguided and perverse officials have temporarily located the State buildings in defiance of the will of the intelligent voters of the State?" "We shall see!" said the Mayor, puffing out his cheeks, "we shall see!"

The main street of Boomtown ran through the center of the city as an arrow runs through the heart of a deer. Its head stuck out stiff and straight half a mile beyond the city limits before it forked into two country roads, and its feather end was tufted with a small grove of trees. One could easily imagine that its chief function was to hold the city down during cyclones. It was crossed at right angles by the Whiplash River, which was bridged to allow the street to pass over. The river was the most striking feature of the place, though the inhabitants did not realize it. They felt the court-house to be far more imposing. The stream was quiet and picturesque in a modest way during the summer and fall, when it lay between its banks like a

black-snake asleep in the sun, and on a nearer approach seemed to waken slowly and writhe its sleepy way to the dam, to slide over it with a drowsy leisure and wriggle its way beneath the bridge just below. It had a peculiar charm in winter also, when it was frozen into a delightful roadway as solid as granite. But when the spring thaw came and the ice began to break up, it was time to stand aside and make room for the Whiplash River. Then dams and embankments and bridges and other human contrivances had to look out for themselves, for the Whiplash River was "on the rise." The inhabitants were drawn to its side as by a magnet, and on the days when the ice "went over the dam" business was suspended by common consent. The entire city government gathered on the banks to watch the annual display of elemental forces. They stood respectfully, even apologetically, while the river had its way with the interests of their municipality.

Once a year, at least, these strong, crude men were filled with awe, and it was good for them. Abstract presentations of majesty were beyond their comprehension. They did not often attend church. But the ritual of nature impressed them. They loved to watch and listen while an unseen ruler scattered the hoar-frost like ashes and made the floods clap their hands. They looked on with awe while the foaming, lashing stream hurled its ice-bolts with destructive might, tearing down embankments, destroying buildings and carrying away sections of the bridge itself, which had been built with special reference to withstanding these annual bombardments. After a week or two of sinuous writhings and thunderous grumbings it settled into



its summer sloth and became a cradle for floating lovers or a highway for merry picnic parties, while the city fathers meekly repaired damages and said nothing.

Their respectful attitude was partly due to a lesson which the river had taught the public the year before, when the last wooden bridge was carried two miles down stream and stood on end among the trees, whereupon the acting mayor, urged by some public duty that bore on his reflection, attempted to cross by rowing a skiff between the floating ice cakes. Some of his political opponents said he was seeking notoriety. If so, he found it in the shape of sudden death by drowning, or, as some eye-witnesses alleged, by "pounding." Thus he was literally "gathered to his fathers," for his body was washed ashore eight miles below, at the very door of his ancestral farmhouse.

The editor of *The Boomtown Advertiser* often referred to the river as "*the Minotaur*," on account of the boat-load of human victims which "this modern Athens, our glorious city," furnished each year "to satiate the appetite of the terrible monster." It was not every year that a mayor was sacrificed, but each spring its hungry lips sucked in from two to six of the more venturesome boys and men, charmed to its eddying bosom in spite of the warnings of anxious mothers and sweethearts and wives—who would ever after have a shuddering fear of the river's spring fierceness, when it felt along the shore with its foamy lips for more of its cannibal food, and changed its summer smile into a roar of laughter as it seized another and yet another son or lover or husband to crush him for a moment in its crunching ice teeth and swallow him out of sight.

But Boomtown had other interesting features. Fully a block and a half of scrawny stores extended from the east end of the bridge on each side of the main street. There were about as many more houses of trade scattered between the dwellings that extended unevenly

over nearly the whole mile between the railroad station that marked the head of the street on the west, to the court-house that stood at the other end, near the grove of trees. In the good days when wheat sold at a dollar per bushel in the local market, the amount of business done in these stores on Saturdays was large enough to seem fabulous. At the end of every week the farmers brought their sacks of wheat in lumber wagons from twenty miles around. By nine o'clock in the morning the converging roads would begin to fill with farm-wagons, many of them bearing the foreign-looking father, mother and children as the picturesque finish of the loads. At high noon the main street would be jammed with these rural turnouts, and at such an hour many a proud citizen would have to wait ten or fifteen minutes for a chance to cross the street between the crowding teams. Early in the afternoon the traders would disperse to their scattered houses, leaving the store clerks to play ball in the deserted street while their employers counted up the day's receipts. To an imaginative eye, capable of conjuring up the probable future as well as the immediate past, these scenes were of keen interest. Less than twenty-five years before, the unbroken prairie had rolled its green billows to meet the lapping waves of the tree-fringed river, and the Indian rode over the undulating turf. Even at this time small groups of sullen natives encamped each spring and fall on the outskirts of the town, to watch with feigned stolidity the restless vigor of the growing village, and, as they retired to their hard-found seclusion, demurred among themselves in guttural mutterings against the thriving farms and ranches.

The mixed character of the settlers gave an additional charm to the market day. Emigrants from almost every country in Europe were gathered here to pour their descendants into the American crucible, that they might melt together, as they have done in two generations, to produce a race of thoroughly American children, ignorant of their grandparents'



native tongue, and not unwilling that the death of the "old folks" shall remove the last trace of their foreign connections.

There were striking figures to be seen. For a few years there picked his way among these crude surroundings a fallen German nobleman, who had been not remotely connected with the German court, as was witnessed by the fact that he had been banished for too intimate association with an unsuccessful court intrigue. His quarterly allowances from home friends were promptly expended in private but ravaging debauches, from each one of which he emerged visibly nearer death. Between times he gained a drunkard's subsistence by teaching the town children enough German to make them eligible as clerks in the stores. His finished accents were roughly handled by the ready pupils, who soon changed his courtly intonations and courteous pronouns to meet the needs of a "Low Dutch" market. This was pain and grief to Professor Goldenberg, but he continued to pick his way with drunken steps from house to house that he might earn enough to keep him drunken to the end. His fastidious cleanliness of person and his unfailing courtesy to all, even the coarsest of his townsmen, combined to make him a marked man. All treated him with respect, while they vaguely wondered how he contrived to retain so much courtesy, gentleness and dignity through the pain of so sad a decay.

Tommy Todd was another feature of the crude countenance of the town. During his childhood, which was passed on a farm, he developed an ambition for a clerkship in a town store. At twenty-one he had attained his ambition and was disporting his barber-brushed hair behind a counter. As many as possible of his leisure hours were spent in incipient courtships. This has settled into a confirmed habit during the last twenty-five years, and at forty-six Tommy Todd still champions beves of girls in search of pleasure. His unswerving preference for the companionship of maidens under

eighteen has won for him the title of "The Youth's Companion," which he bears proudly.

Jack Wells, the barber, was Tommy's chum until marriage interfered. Jack was a real artist. With the aid of a pair of shears, a razor and a bottle of hair-oil he could transform the most grisly native into a blue-chinned, plaster-haired prodigy worth going miles to see. It was indeed worth a long journey to observe the startled expression of elegance with which one of his models would emerge from the shop and glance furtively about to see if his friends would know him.

An occasional visitor at the barber shop was an aged man named Tobton, who gave unexpected evidence of early religious training one Saturday evening while bemoaning the perversity of a cow which he had purchased two days before. She had returned that morning to her home on the Wapsie River, twenty miles away. "I'd go an' fetch her back to-morrow," said Mr. Tobton, "but if I went after her on Sunday I s'pose the cranky beast 'ud up an' die." If Mr. Tobton was not the oldest man in the country, he at least looked as though he might claim that distinction. Fabulous stories of his age were current. A certain amount of local pride hovered over his accumulation of years. His great-grandson, six years of age, asked one morning, "Grandpa, was you in the Ark?" "Why, no! what ever put that in your head?" After a thoughtful pause came the answer, "Then how did you get away without being drowned?"

There were other characters and other things that combined to give the place a quality not to be found elsewhere. That was twenty-five years ago. We cannot expect to find such characters and scenes to-day.

An iron bridge, brick and stone stores with plate glass fronts, an "opera house," factories, railroads, æsthetic churches, stylish tailors and unambitious barbers have changed the place beyond belief. The public buildings and houses rival those of any other new city. The cemetery, formerly known as the "graveyard,"

holds many of the sturdy figures of what are now called "the early days." A former mayor puffs his cheeks in "The Lower House" at Washington, and when national issues are discussed says "We shall see! we shall see!" with such effect that he has reasonable hopes of becoming a senator, for Boomtown has grown to represent much capital and many votes. Most of the hopes of the visionary days have been realized. The city's heart

pumps the blood of enterprise through many arteries of commerce, some of which extend to the Atlantic and some to the Pacific Coast. The river now thrashes wildly or lies quietly between embankments that hold it as easily in one case as in the other. One feature, however, remains unchanged. The main street still runs through the center of the city as an arrow runs through the heart of a deer.



## INDIANS, BUFFALOES AND WILD HORSES.

BY GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON, U. S. A.

JUST prior to the late War I was a Captain of Cavalry and stationed on the frontier of Texas. At that time the unsettled portions of the State were occupied by Indians and innumerable herds of buffaloes and droves of wild horses.

Often small war parties, composed of young, adventurous Indians, would swoop down upon the frontier settlements for the purpose of stealing horses and mules, and if they chanced to meet with any unarmed men, women or children, they usually murdered them without any cause or provocation. The fact was invariably reported to the nearest military station, and a mounted detachment would be ordered out at once to pursue and, if possible, overtake and punish them. It fell to my lot very often to go in command of these expeditions, which service I thoroughly enjoyed, for, in addition to the excitement incident to the pursuit, we were sure to pass through a section of country abounding in all kinds of game, and to encamp on streams teeming with fish.

At that time buffaloes were abundant. To give some idea of the number, let me say that I have ridden day after day and had them in sight all the time, not in immense herds, but in small numbers, to be seen on the hills along the line of

march. These animals seemed to have a military organization. When the herds would be grazing in the valleys, the hills around them were occupied by a few which seemed to be on picket, for on the appearance of men on horseback they would give a peculiar signal of danger and at once join the herd, which would close up in compact form and flee in the opposite direction from the one whence came the alarm.

These noble denizens of the forest and the plain have been practically exterminated. At this time there is in Kansas a domesticated herd of about seventy, and a like one in Manitoba. A few remain in the Yellowstone Park, and they would not long survive were it not that they are guarded and protected by a detachment of United States troops.

When I entered the army in 1849, Colonel Nathan Boone, a son of the celebrated hunter, Daniel Boone, was in the habit of entertaining the young officers by relating his experience in shooting buffaloes in Kentucky. At that time what are now the Middle and Western States and Territories, up to the boundary line on the north and to the Pacific Ocean on the west, were occupied by immense herds; but the Indian, the Trapper and the Sportsman have pursued them with

savage cruelty, and the result has been their utter and entire extermination.

Wild horses were seen almost daily. Whence came these wild animals? Indian tradition assigns their origin to certain Spanish stock brought into the regions inhabited by them by the Jesuit fathers in the first days of the missions. The round bodies, the clean limbs, the beautiful manes and tails, certainly suggest an Andalusian pedigree.

A stallion controls each band, or drove, and zealously keeps his charge from all others. While grazing they move about at random, but the stallion is ever on the alert and a snort from him is the danger signal, when they close up in a compact mass and break away, like a huge body, for a place of safety. In these flights the stallion is ever in the rear, at the post of danger. These droves are invariably small, and my observation leads me to conclude that the male and female, with

offspring, form a select circle. There is no variety of colors in any drove.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive as it flies over the Texas plains has driven the wild horses to seek homes in more remote regions.

Referring to the extermination of the buffalo, I desire to say that it seems to be the settled policy of the American people to destroy all game without giving thought to the wants and needs of those who are to follow. The deer, the antelope and the grouse are fast disappearing, and at the rate they are now being killed off, a few years more at most will witness their extinction. State legislation, prohibiting the killing of game animals and birds for three years would delay their extinction many years; and to those who are now about to enter upon the stage of life we must look for such enlightened legislation as will protect the game for their use and that of the generations to follow them.



## A SHORE SCENE.

DOWN on the shore, on the sunny shore!  
 Where the salt smell cheers the land;  
 Where the tide moves bright under boundless light,  
 And the surge on the glittering strand;  
 Where the children wade in the shallow pools,  
 Or run from the froth in play;  
 Where the swift little boats with milk-white wings  
 Are crossing the sapphire bay,  
 And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale,  
 Holds proudly on her way.  
 Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry,  
 And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,  
 Under the tent of the warm blue sky,  
 With the hushing wave on its golden floor  
 To sing their lullaby.

*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

## THE CHARGE AT BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. XXIV.

BY COL. F. M. THOMPSON.

WHILE history is theoretically the recording of events as they actually occurred, two persons viewing the same occurrence from different stand-points may see it in a quite different light. A commanding general astride his horse and located on an eminence, sees the whole battle, but an entirely different view has the man in the ranks participating in its stirring events.

The battle of the Big Black River Bridge, Mississippi, which occurred May 17, 1863, was witnessed from the latter point of view by the writer, who can only tell of what occurred in his immediate vicinity.

On the 16th was fought that desperate battle on Champion Hill, which closed at sundown. We followed the enemy closely till late at night, and went into camp at Edwards' Station, six miles from Black River. On the morning of the 17th, at 3 o'clock, we took up the line of march, with Carr's Division (McClelland's Corps) in advance, Lawler's Brigade leading. The enemy was soon found, strongly posted in earthworks constructed across the neck of a horseshoe-shaped bottom formed by the river sweeping around to the west. I quote from General Grant:

A bayou runs irregularly across this low land, the bottom of which, however, is above the surface of the Black River at ordinary stages. When the river is full, water runs through it, converting the point of land into an island. The bayou was grown up to timber, which the enemy had felled into the ditch, in which at this time there was a foot or two of water. The Rebels had constructed a parapet along the inner bank of this bayou, by using cotton bales from the plantations close by and throwing dirt over them.

Immediately in front of these defenses was an open, cultivated field, and still beyond a belt of timber extending on the right to the river and along its bank to and beyond the enemy's works. In this timber, immediately in front, Carr's Division took position. Osterhaus's Division

was deployed on the left; McPherson, in column, was on the road, with head close up, ready to give assistance whenever it should be needed, and Lawler's Brigade occupied the extreme right of the line.

The enemy opened on us with all their available cannon and made our position in the timber extremely uncomfortable. A rain of shot and shell cut great limbs off the trees and mowed down the tops of the smaller ones, which came tumbling down upon us from a height of fifteen or twenty feet.

Our Colonel, Merrill, of the Twenty-first Iowa, became tired of this sort of thing and suggested to General Lawler that he move his command to the right, along the belt of timber skirting the river, and from that position charge the enemy's works. After gaining permission, Lawler moved into the timber by the flank, the Twenty-third Iowa in advance, followed by the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Iowa and Eleventh Wisconsin. The column moved in this order until the Twenty-third was close to the Confederate rifle-pits.

While thus advancing under partial cover of the river bank, Sergeant Wallace Moore, of Company D, Twenty-first Iowa, was shot by a sharpshooter, the ball from a small squirrel rifle entering the side of his mouth. As he fell backward, the writer caught him and eased his body to the ground. Almost at the same moment we were ordered to halt and lie down. My brother, J. K. P. Thompson, ex-commander of the Department of Iowa, G. A. R., was marching just in front of the sergeant. He turned, and we moved the body of our now dead comrade to one side and covered it with his blanket. A cow-path ran through the timber, and while lying there we found the sharpshooter had gotten into a tree

and ranged his gun to cover this particular spot, as he paid us his compliments several times.

Stretched alongside the trail, lying flat on his face, was a recruit who had been with us but five days. Zip! That was a ball! The recruit, with one convulsive spring, flopped onto his back, bringing his knapsack under his shoulders; but still his head was on the ground. A sorry figure he presented, thus bowed up and writhing in apparent agony. He moaned that he was wounded and bleeding to death, but closer inspection showed the ball had struck his canteen, and the life-blood which he felt oozing away was only the warm water trickling over him.

Here the two extremes of war had met. On one side lay our dead comrade, who had endeared himself to every man in the company by his noble, soldierly bearing; on the other was a soldier frightened almost to death, and the boys could not restrain audible though subdued smiles.

Quietly along the line was passed the order, "Fix bayonets!" and as quietly was it obeyed. The intention at first was to ascend the bank and form for the charge under protection of the timber. The regiment was faced to the left in columns of fours. It began toiling up the bank, and as the men appeared above they were met with a storm of musketry, shot and shell.

Colonel Merrill saw at once that a movement in this order would be impossible, and shouted, his words ringing out clear above the din of battle, "By the left flank, charge!"

The blue-coats poured up and over that bank, and rushed out across the open field, screaming and yelling, delivered one volley, and then rushed on, waving their guns and cheering in a way to strike terror to any who should oppose their advance.

But witness the slaughter! Comrades are falling on every side. One plunges forward to the ground, never to rise again; another throws up his hands and falls backward, lifeless or dying.

How complete an enfilading fire the enemy has upon us! But to stop is to die.

All company and regimental organizations are broken up; but onward press the men. Colonel Merrill of the Twenty-first and Colonel Kinsman of the Twenty-third go down. Kinsman is killed. Merrill is shot through both hips,—struggles to his feet, staggers a few steps and falls.

Still onward press the men, though their commanders are left on the field. The bayou is reached; they plunge into and over it, trees and all,—no one knows how, but over they are,—and the enemy, seeing their feat, do not wait to try the temper of the gleaming bayonets, but rise *en masse* and break for the bridges that span the river.

The charge was over. Of the two leading regiments, the Twenty-first and Twenty-third Iowa, one hundred and eighty-four men were wounded and twenty-six were killed outright. And I want to say to the young who never saw a battle-field—God grant that you may never see one!—that such a number of dead and wounded scattered over so small a space presents a fearful sight. Only a few moments before they had the same chances of long life that we had, and now—dead!

Victory was succeeded by the sorrowful duty of gathering up and caring for the wounded and burying the dead. I was one of four who carried off our beloved Colonel. We laid him beside that noble Christian soldier, Adjutant Howard, who was mortally wounded, fearing that his fate would be the same. We went back again and again for our dead. They were laid to rest in the soil they gave their lives to cleanse from the crime of treason. No costly caskets were theirs. Wrapped only in their blankets, we laid them away.

Among the trophies of war were one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one prisoners, eighteen pieces of ordnance, several thousand stands of small arms and one of the enemy's strong defenses.

The recruit of the canteen experience caught the spirit of the charge and, as soon as his first "shivers" were over, proved himself to be of the stuff of which heroes are made.

## Women's Club Department.

### WOMAN.

BY MRS. EMMA Y. ROSS.\*

Read Before the Ladies' Literature Club of Oskaloosa.

IN ALL primitive religions there is a wonderful similarity of thought as to the first fundamental ideas of cosmogony. In the traditions and writings of all primitive peoples there is primarily a description of chaos; then we learn of the separation of Heaven and Earth, after which begins the warring of the gods. In most myths, five of these gods are the superior and aggressive agencies. It is a thought worthy of deepest consideration that the modern science of the Conservation of Energy should be even so dimly recognized by these primitive people as that the five great forces of nature were regarded as agencies to be feared, and, in accordance with the crude ideas of those primitive times, personified and worshiped as gods. A still more wonderful idea is their concept of the sixth or vital energy, which they personified as Heaven, the husband, and Earth, the wife.

The Jewish traditions and writings rightly attribute to cosmic influences those energies which other peoples personified and worshiped. This story of the separation of the husband and wife, Heaven and Earth, and the warring of the five superior gods, their children, is related in the sacred books of the Asiatic Veda, the Scandinavia Voluspa and the Greek mythologies; also in the traditions of other peoples and tribes, among them those of Mexico and our own North American Indians.

The New Zealanders have a myth that in the long past, when Time first was, Heaven lay upon the earth, and there was thick darkness. The children of Heaven and Earth struggled, seeking to discover the difference between light and dark-

ness. Heaven they called Rangi, and Earth, Papa. The unnatural children of Rangi and Papa consulted together for means whereby to destroy their parents, or to separate them from each other. The struggle was long ineffectual, but at last they were parted. Not till after this consummation did sin enter into the world.

"In these latter days, Heaven remains far removed from his wife, Earth, but the love of the wife rises upward in sighs toward her husband. These are the mists which fly upward from the mountain tops, and the tears of Heaven fall downward on his wife. Behold the dew-drops."

The Veda tells us Heaven and Earth were once united. After much warring and dissension, they were at length separated, after which event there was neither rain nor sunshine, and the races of men were at peace with one another. The gods at last consented that Heaven and Earth should be reunited, and when this was done "they formed a wedding of the gods."

The Bible tells us God first created Adam, and from him, Eve, a much higher and truer conception of the truth that originally man and woman were one creation.

Thus we see this conception, of Heaven and Earth as husband and wife, originally united, then torn asunder, is found in the myths and writings of all primitive peoples. As these early beliefs crystallized, we find in all the story of the original couple who introduced sin into the world.

In most of these myths, traditions or

\*Author of "The Way We Came," in August, 1894, MIDLAND.



writings, the initial act of sin is attributed to the woman, and from the obloquy of that act she has never as yet entirely recovered; for the idea that woman is the weaker vessel, morally and mentally, as she undoubtedly is physically, has been promulgated throughout all time. From the primal history of the race to the present day man has considered woman from that point of view, knowing full well, yet apparently forgetful of the fact, that although she is distinguished from him in many ways, yet they are complementary and necessary to each other. Joseph Cook merely voiced a truism when he said, "God never made any half hinges." Man is one half, woman the other; each useless alone, yet combined, the instrumentality which moves the life-doors of individuals, of nations, of Heaven itself.

In the infancy of the race, we find woman the burden-bearer, and not considered as entitled to even the God-given privilege of physical integrity. In other words, the air, the sunshine, the right to life itself were hers just so long as man chose to grant it to her. We see this exemplified by our American Indian, who sits in moody silence, or stalks along with his haughty head in the air, while his wife attends to the game he has killed, carries heavy burdens on her back, or packs the tepee.

The Romans enacted such laws as that the woman, coming into the hands of her husband, was merely a piece of property, to be disposed of as he might choose; not only she, but her possessions of whatever kind were subject to his control. Even the children she bore him had no more right to physical integrity than their mother. Blackstone tells us the very existence of the wife is to be merged in that of the husband, and with whips and sticks she may be sharply chastized. Later, one of the Colonial laws of Virginia says the husband may not *abuse* his wife, but if she does not conform to his wishes, he may beat her *gently* with a club.

Asiatic nations have, from time immemorial, regarded woman from a merely

sensual point of view. A girl baby is there considered of no account, and is often murdered as soon as born.

From time to time, articles have been invented by man to keep women in proper subjection. The scold's bridle, a gentle instrument inserted into the mouth and ingeniously arranged to give any amount of torture the inserter might see fit to inflict, was invented for woman's especial benefit.

Our Puritan forefathers, being, no doubt, short of material, substituted for the bridle a forked stick fastened over the tongue and tied behind the head. There was also the ducking-stool, on which the woman was seated and plunged beneath the water until, in some cases, convulsions or insanity resulted. This instrument, Webster tells us, was invented in the Fifteenth and used as late as the Nineteenth Century.

In some sections of Europe at the present day a *woman* and a *dog* or other animal are hitched together, although as often as not it is merely two *women*, hitched abreast, who draw the boats or sledges to market.

In seeking woman as a wife, various and unique methods have been used to obtain her. By some tribes, she is suddenly waylaid, dragged off by her hair and beaten senseless, in order that she may offer no resistance to her wooer. She has been and is bought and sold like cattle in the shambles. She has been fought for, sinned for and has been gently entreated for love's sweet sake. We find women, in the days when Greece and Rome were young, suffering from cruel legislation, no woman having the assurance she might not suffer death at any moment her lord and master saw fit to ordain. Be her station high or low, her crime proven or imaginary, if her husband found her guilty of crime, or if he tired of her, she might be and often was punished with death.

One of Rome's emperors, in a fit of jealous rage, with cruel deliberation and for a crime not proven, descanting to his wife on the pleasures of the bath, con-

ducted her through the frigidarium, and the tepidarium, to the cauldarium, where she was, by his orders, steamed till death released her.

It is a universally conceded philosophic fact that no fountain rises above its source, and a study of the inductive sciences impresses us with the conviction that there is a wonderful analogy between great natural laws, whether in the natural, physical or moral world. So, when we say in the natural world a fountain cannot rise above its source, in the moral world we say a nation cannot rise to higher planes than the mothers of the nation occupy. A study of history impresses us with this fact, and it is but accentuated as we view the nations of the earth at the present day. Nations are but individuals in the aggregate.

By the early Germans, all work of the house and family, all agricultural labor, was performed by women and slaves, a woman ranking with a slave; and Tacitus says, with the greatest contempt of the *Sitones*, that they are "sunk even below servitude, for they honor and obey a woman." Following the history of this people in the Romantic epoch of their existence, we find woman beginning to be recognized as wife and mother in a higher sense than before, and the warriors begin to consult them in matters pertaining to war and tribal relations. We find, too, that they are virtuous and have risen greatly above their former status of mere slaves. The mother now has absolute control of the home and children, and the German warriors justly make invidious comparisons between their women and those of voluptuous, enervated Rome. So, when these sons of virtuous mothers cast their eyes with longing on fair and fruitful Italy, it was a natural sequence that it should be "but ask and have," so quickly and so thoroughly were the Romans overcome and conquered by these peoples, their superiors in domestic virtue.

In the days of chivalry there was a fantastic worship of the high-born dame, and we read of wars waged and pilgrimages

undertaken to win her favor, and of knights fighting to the death merely for the privilege of wearing her colors. Yet we know the lord of the manor, the count or baron, on whose estate the lowly woman was born, insisted on the fulfillment of the feudal law.

In considering the legislation of all ages in regard to women, we must remember it has been the work of the fathers, husbands and sons of the sex. Were these laws, most of which bear so heavily on her, enacted through a spirit of tyranny, or through ignorance? We can only believe the latter. Man has been ignorant of his own needs; can he be condemned for being slow to perceive those of women? We all, more or less, conform to the Chinese dictum, "My fathers did it." It takes even the most enlightened nations a long time to outgrow traditions. Slowness of legislation may be spoken of as red-tapeism, but it is necessarily and rightly slow, for it would be to make and unmake laws continually were it otherwise.

When in Rome cruelty was so freely exercised toward woman, the same measure was meted out to man; and assassinations, treachery and cruelty were scarcely considered as crimes. The atrocities perpetrated by man against his fellow man were many of them too horrible to be related by historians, who pass them over by mere allusions, as too dreadful to be presented to the consideration of later generations. When the scold's bridle and the ducking-stool were in common use, so were the boot, the thumbscrew and the rack, those instruments of torture with which cruel and barbarous men might exercise their evil propensities or enforce their crude ideas of justice on one another. The mind of man, at a certain stage of evolution, appeared occupied with hideous and distorted ideas of justice, and it was considered a great honor to invent a new method or instrument of torture by which human beings might be made to descend to the verge of the grave and then, resuscitated, often maimed for life, or, by a

refinement of cruelty, be granted a lingering death by torture.

Among primitive peoples, men are always terribly in earnest, and cruelty and force are the laws observed. Woman, being physically weaker than man, was not able to defend herself from injustice, hence was discriminated against from the first. "Man's inhumanity to man" is a truism including the whole race.

All peoples, with the exception of a few insignificant tribes, have been and are militant, and the idea of justice originated, not from ethical or philanthropical motives, but from fear of retaliation. Such is the opinion of most philosophers, ancient and modern. It has required centuries for man to know how to legislate wisely and humanely in regard to his own sex, and he has yet much to learn in that respect. He is now but just beginning to recognize the fact that woman is entitled to an equal recognition in law and equity with himself, and when the day comes that "in the eye of the law" she stands on the same plane as man, how great a triumph to woman will be the knowledge that these laws, enacted in her favor, have been the result of absolute ethical conviction!

There are, in these latter years of the Nineteenth Century, many issues to be met, many questions to be answered, that seemingly require more wisdom than to mortal man is given. Among these, the so-called Woman Question occupies the minds of all, and the phases it presents are innumerable.

What shall be the place of woman as a wage earner? Shall she be a wage earner? Shall she have the right of suffrage? Is it best for the physical well-being of posterity that she receive the Higher Education? Is the coeducation of the sexes for the highest good of both? Not the least among these considerations is woman as a wage earner. In studying Geometry, given a theorem, can it be demonstrated? A clever pupil steps to the blackboard and demonstrates the proposition with a

clearness and precision that "he who runs may read." The woman of to-day as a wage earner is a case in point; in the avenues of industry entered, she has given a practical demonstration of the proposition, "Shall woman compete with man as a wage earner?" The idea has become obsolete that it is disgraceful or derogatory in any way for woman to labor and get her living honestly in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call her. We have entered on a new era of thought, and the effete ideas of ages past, that have lingered with us like black bats of the night, have spread their wings and flown away, never to return, as the dawn of a new and brighter day gilds with prophetic glory the mountain tops of progress.

"Therefore ten thousand women have now lost their chance of marriage" was the utterance of Walter Besant, on learning that the Bank of England, and certain branches of the Civil Service Bureau, had decided to employ women as clerks. Mr. Besant, and many others, look on the Woman's Industrial Movement as tantamount to the fact that the women entering into competition with men as wage earners seldom marry. To the thoughtful observer this fact becomes more patent every day, and marriages in Europe and America are greatly on the decrease. Mr. Besant reasons very plausibly on the real decrease to the state from woman's work, and figures it out that England in the next generation, in order to save five hundred thousand pounds per annum now in employing women, loses four millions of pounds per annum then.

There is a comprehensive and a narrow view to be taken of all movements that affect the world, either commercially, ethically or physically, and industrial movements, included in these, conform to the general law. We fully recognize the fact that the maculæ and faculæ of the sun regulate the price of wheat,—and thus the commerce of the world. Back, too, of these industrial movements are great natural laws regulating the problems of the race,—a compelling force we as yet understand no more clearly than did

primal man understand the energies of nature he personified and worshiped.

Many treatises, learned and otherwise, have been written as to the bread supply of the world, and the possibility of our globe being overstocked with population has been discussed by both philosophers and writers of fiction. Nations no more make war the business of life, but have turned their attention to higher problems than seeing which can most quickly depopulate the other. World-wide epidemics have ceased. As Asia becomes more closely allied with Western peoples, and the railroad, that great civilizer and leveler of caste, winds through her domains, infanticide will cease; even now the crime is on the decrease. Statisticians tell us that when the year 1900 is ushered in the population of the world will be more than double what it was in the year 1800. If a decrease of population is to be the result of woman entering industrial pursuits, may we not consider this to be one of Nature's methods to prevent overproduction? When we once open our souls, the Promethean fire will descend and lighten many an obscurity with a radiance that will show there is a divine hand guiding our ship steadily to the desired haven of a world's best good. The woman of America is under the object-glass of the world, and her words, her thoughts, her actions serve as an inspiration to her sisters all over the habitable globe, as they "rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

In the recent exhibition of her work at the Columbian Exposition, we have a fair presentation of woman as a factor in the progress of the world, considered from both a utilitarian and æsthetic point of view. She has here proved herself richly endowed with executive, artistic and inventive ability. We gaze at the squaw, who, after having sown and reaped the grain, prepares it for food in primitive fashion. Then enter the cooking school and observe her civilized and cultured sister as she manipulates the dough, or concocts delicious and dainty dishes for

the delectation of the palate! These viands were prepared with the aid of modern conveniences, many of them woman's own invention; one lady having invented and placed on exhibition no less than fourteen articles of domestic utility. We trace the manufacture of textile fabrics from the coarse grass cloth made by the Madagascar woman to the beautiful weaving in silk, executed in our sight by American girls. We study the evolution of pottery from the crude though often wonderful work of savage tribes to the exquisitely moulded and decorated porcelain of the Cincinnati Room. We contrast the ornaments of the primitive African belle, a string of perforated shells or beads, with the laces of Queen Margherita, the result of woman's patient manipulation, delicate as the gossamer and beautiful as a dream. We wander through the Woman's Building itself, that grand object lesson of woman's ability as an architect, and as we consider it, and the Children's Building in connection with it, and see here evinced the recognition of woman's genius, and note the care bestowed on these most helpless of all God's creatures, little children, can we indulge in pessimistic reveries as to the future of the race!

The renowned Bayeaux Tapestry, a reproduction of which adorned the Woman's Building, is a wonderful piece of work, when we consider that the scenes in the original, conceived in the brain of an artistic woman, and patiently worked out, with needle and thread, by woman, furnished the object lessons from which most of the English history of those times was compiled. Gazing at this tapestry, there comes a vision of long ago, and surrounded with the halo of purity, virtue and faithfulness, sits patient Penelope—

"Weaving o'er and o'er,  
Her web so strong and fine.  
Ah Love! port hard the helm,  
Ulysses, at the door."

Ulysses may be long in coming; he usually is; but eventually he does come. He has come to Queen Matilda in the recognition by posterity of the value of her wonderful work. He will come to all great souls who know how to labor and to wait.

Slowly but surely is the question "Shall women have the right of suffrage?" being answered in the affirmative. Iowa, although not leading in the van of progress, is yet not altogether apathetic to the righteous demands of her daughters, and in how many States do the knees of that old giant, Prejudice, begin to tremble ere he totter to his fall! Women themselves begin to realize that the ability to vote is not in itself a right justly so called, but merely the key which opens the locked door of privileges heretofore denied them. In Germany women are awake to the questions concerning the welfare of their sex, and, we learn, model their movements on those of their American sisters. Even in far away Asia and India we are looked to as the model on which to base movements for bettering the condition of woman. As we look back through the ages, there are women good, great and beautiful, who stand as beacon-lights to posterity, women whose memories will be ever green in the heart-life of the world, whose names can never die. Ruth, lovely in filial devotion, whose words to Naomi have come to be symbolic of faithfulness; Sappho, standing on the highest pinnacle of fame as a poetess, and singing to the ages, in strains as yet unequalled, of love, — theme old as the Garden of Eden,

"Where all the world was Adam once,  
With Eve by his side,"

yet as new to-day to each heart in which it is born as it was to our first parents. Cornelia, the devoted mother, who, dwelling amid the enticements and wickedness of a Roman court, could look on her children and give voice to that supreme utterance of maternity, "Behold, *these* are my jewels." We also see Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, bravely battling for her people; Zenobia, Queen of the East, grandly pathetic in her fallen greatness; Madame Roland, inspirer of those great souls who first lifted up their voice in behalf of the down-trodden and famishing millions of France; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, sweet comforter of the broken-hearted; Florence Nightingale, devoting youth, health and strength to mitigate the hor-

rors of war to the Crimean soldiers; Harriet Beecher Stowe, who in her marvelous work described the horrors of slavery with a pen so realistic that the world for an instant paused to consider; and this little wedge, a woman's word, became the force that rent the adamant rock of human selfishness and greed, and emancipated a people down-trodden and despised. And last, Frances Willard, high priestess of all that is good, true and beautiful in life.

We speak these names, knowing there are thousands of others as dear to humanity, and as great factors in the world's progress. And who shall sing the praises of all those humbler ones, the mothers, wives, daughters, who have lived to bless and sweeten the heart-life of the world! The incense of love from those to whom they have devoted the energies of life, of heart, of intellect, has risen and shall rise throughout all time as a sweet smelling savor unto the Lord. In the plaudits of the world it may not be written of them, "Many daughters have done excellently but thou excellest them all," but it may be written, "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

To woman has been given a high and holy trust. It has been, it is, and it shall be, hers, while time shall last, to develop the heart-life of the world; and as of old the Vestal Virgin tended the sacred fire to see that it expired not, so woman feeds the fire on the altar of love, by deeds of mercy, by words of kindness, by abnegation of self.

God recognized man's necessity for love and companionship when from the primary creation, Man, he formed the secondary creation, Woman, thus in humanity following the great natural law of duality. The single existence would have preyed on itself; it needed the complementary life of woman to fully develop, dignify and beautify this existence. Affection was at first but as the sown seed, which has sprung up, grown, and developed during the ages into a goodly tree; wherein all the beautiful



things of life, justice, mercy and truth, may find shelter and protection. "It is a beautiful legend that Love first drew the world from chaos, and bound the creatures reciprocally to each other with bonds of desire and longing; that by these tender ties she keeps all things in order and leads all things to one."

But this Love was for ages little more than a callow fledgling, with bulging eyes looking on all things with longing, and open mouth incessantly crying, "give, give," "more, more," its one desire that the animal nature might be gratified. Slowly has developed the beautiful white-winged creature we even as yet imperfectly understand, drawing to her hearts that are often ill prepared to receive so chaste, so divine a guest. O Man, guard well this treasure, that it does not some day, when wings and beak and breast are grown, "flutter and fly away," never to return.

As the magnet becomes stronger the more it is used, so the gradual development and growth during the ages has made the heart life of the world what it is to-day,—the magnetic current that binds all lives together. We must, for the true development of the heart-life, be willing to devote our lives to high seriousness; to give, and take; to impart, and receive. Richter truly says, "Ye holy nations of by gone times! As little did ye know of the ideal heart as of the circulation of the pure blood which warmed and colored you, when ye cried, 'I do this for my husband, for my children,' and appeared in prosaic subjection to your cares and pursuits. Yet, that holy ideal was passing through you, as heaven's fire descends to the heart through clouds."

To marry in haste and repent at leisure has been too often the way of the world, and there are to-day, even viewing the shipwreck made of so many lives, numerous advocates of the *mariage de convenance*. No true woman, endowed with a heart to love and a heart to break, can listen to any such fallacious suggestion. If woman marry, she should be absolutely certain

she can give to the man she marries the supreme passion of her soul; and be to him so true a helpmeet that she bind him to her with a cord of a love the silken covering of which but hides the metal of tried steel. In her multitudinous cares of home, church, philanthropy, society, business, and all that go to make up her life, may woman keep in view the fact that the welfare of the race has been and shall be, throughout all time, held in the girdle of her love,—that love which is to humanity what the favored sweet influence of the Pleiades was to the stars, not to be measured, not to be bound; the golden cord that unites us, each to each, and lifts our thoughts in aspiration to high and holy things.

The child life of humanity is over; it has outgrown its little old horn-book and is ready for a grander, a higher, development. As the woman of to-day accepts her high destiny, may she do so with fear and trembling, realizing that life is not a pleasure-day's journey, but a school in which to learn the great lessons of Time that fit her for Eternity. And may she not forget, although in a certain sense her life is individual, yet that "each shall help all" is a great lesson to be learned, but that "all shall help each" is a greater, for it is taught by God himself. And in teaching these lessons to others, may woman herself learn that as the coral insect lives its short life, dies, and the tiny dead body contributes its mite to the building of continents, so she, faithful over her small talent, contributes to the growth and upbuilding of humanity.

Then as the world progresses from lower to higher planes, may man and woman more truly recognize their interdependence, ordained and emphasized by the Deity when He set them in families; and may their lives be so true, so sweet, so pure, that "Heavenly Love" may indeed abide on earth! Then will the sighs of *Papa* not have risen in vain; nor the tears of *Rangi* have fallen without purpose, and there shall be a true wedding of the gods.



## CLUB NOTES.

By HARRIET C. TOWNER.

Like other States, Missouri has found that the interest manifested in State federation steadily increases. The Missouri State Federation was organized in January of this year, under the auspices of the Wednesday Club, of St. Louis, Mrs. J. A. Allen, of that city, being elected president. Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, State chairman of correspondence for the General Federation, in her biennial report at the Louisville meeting, speaking of the work of the Missouri women's clubs, said: "Though organized chiefly for intellectual development, our clubs discover a strong impulse toward lessening the exactions of purely literary work that more time and thought may be given to the practical. Social and industrial problems are considered, as well as current topics; an active interest in new educational methods is reported, and in the distribution of good literature and the establishment of free circulating libraries. Club life is broadened and sweetened by the admission of children for at least one day in the year, and plans for improving and beautifying and purifying the town home, as well as the individual home, are being discussed. In the cities, our clubs, as clubs, have aided in the introduction of free kindergartens and instituted mothers' unions. They have established and supported day nurseries, and charged themselves largely with the administration of public charity. In one city, at least, they have provided means of development and promoted self-culture among working girls; they have opened to the public exhibitions of true art, and brought within reach of the public the opportunities and pleasures which the science of music can bestow."

To many people art means only the daubing of impossible figures on impossible landscapes. That practical knowledge of art which would induce the mowing of weeds in village streets and the removal of unsightly fences, which would indicate the difference between a garish pile of brick and wood and a home, is too little understood and appreciated. It requires some education to understand that a costume or a picture has a mission beyond being stylish or pretty; that the interior of a dwelling or a school-room in and of itself elevates or depresses, inspires hope or induces des-

pair; that the costly is not necessarily the beautiful or the desirable. The moral, the economical value of art is only beginning to be understood. The relation between inharmonious colors and inharmonious lives, between ugly wall-papers and ugly dispositions, between strident voices and shattered nerves, is closer than is generally supposed. There is a practical benefit to be derived from the study of art which should not be overlooked. In the arrangement of club work for the ensuing year, it is hoped that art in some form will have a place on many programs. Of itself it is so interesting as to be of value merely for the purpose of stimulating and maintaining interest. In its objects it is so broad and catholic, so generally and generously useful, so practically helpful in many ways, as to be readily adapted to any society and to almost any program of work. A glance at some of the methods adopted by some of our clubs in the study of art may not be without interest in stimulating emulation and suggesting methods. Painting, sculpture, architecture and the theory and history of art were topics to be found on several programs this year. The Clio Club, of Cedar Rapids, with a miscellaneous program, devoted a part of each meeting to art. The "Thirteen" Club, of Manchester, made it the principal study for the year. Their outline was comprehensive, and embraced not only studies in painting, engraving, magazine illustration and photography, but such allied topics as house decoration, the influence of art on civilization, and its office as an educator.

Of the five departments of the Marshalltown Women's Club, one is devoted to art and science. Their subject for study during the year has been the "Philosophy of Art," and they have used as text books Taine's *Lectures on Art*, Taine's *Italy*, *Laocoön*, by Lessing, and Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

The Des Moines Women's Club has always among its committees an art committee, which has charge of two club meetings each year. This year the committee planned for the pleasure of the club "A Day at St. Helen's," the beautiful home of Mrs. S. H. M. Byers, and "A Madonna Day."

The Monday Club, of Red Oak, also has an art department, the program of

which was well arranged to sustain interest. It included current events in art, studies of the old masters and of the principal modern schools, the course being devoted exclusively to painting.

The Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association has a department designated an art class, the yearly programs of which are interesting and well arranged. A short time before their adjournment this spring they held a special meeting of unusual interest. The program was devoted to a study of the works of the great mural painters of America, and through the courtesy of the Curtis Company, of Boston, the class were able to give an exhibition of fine photographic reproductions illustrating mural painting in the United States. Among the pictures were reproductions of the decorations by Sargent and Puvion de Chavannes for the Boston Public Library Building, and of the beautiful work of Simmons in the New York Criminal Courts Building. The finest picture in the collection was presented by a member of the art class to the Young Men's Library Association, and will grace the walls of the public library rooms.

Clubs interested in art will be glad to know of the help to be obtained from the Central Art Association of Chicago, of which Mr. Hamlin Garland is president. The aim of this association is to advise, encourage and assist those interested in matters pertaining to art, and any one may become a member. Valuable suggestions may be derived from the monthly journal called *The Arts*, which is the official representative of the Association, courses in art study for clubs and schools being made an important feature.

Music as a feature of entertainment has a place on many club programs, and nearly all the large departmental clubs have a music department. Its history and theory might with profit be more generally studied, and its practical features would afford a field where much good might be done. The Ladies' Musical Club, of Burlington, just finished its third year of work. They have at present eighty-two active and one hundred and one associate members; the object of the club being to unify the musical talent of Burlington and encourage a true appreciation of it through the club meetings. Meetings are held every other Monday from September to June. The programs are varied; during the last winter a Schubert afternoon was given, a Mozart afternoon and again a Wagner program. At other times the work has not been limited to one composer, and

papers on the lives and work of great artists were sometimes presented. The club strives to stimulate musical effort by bringing artists to the city, and during the few years of its organization has brought a number of fine entertainments to Burlington. A large chorus is under the supervision of an able instructor and every spring the chorus gives an operetta.

The question, "What steps shall we take to identify ourselves with the State Federation?" is often asked by non-federated clubs. The requirements are simple, and any women's club, the chief purpose of which is social, literary, artistic or scientific culture, may become a part of the State organization by making application for membership to the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Jessie M. Thayer, of Chariton, the application accompanied by a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the club; providing the constitution shows that no political or sectarian test is required for membership. The federation dues are nominal, making it possible for the smallest club to federate. Since the Club Directory was issued in March the number enrolled has been increased from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-three clubs.

A large majority of the clubs do not work in the summer, closing the club year in June, to resume in September. As one bright woman recently expressed it, whether or not you take a vacation depends upon whether or not you happen to be on the program committee. For the programs are carefully planned and require much thought. In planning for special meetings many club women will find the list sent out by the Reciprocity Bureau helpful. This list includes those who are willing to go to a sister club and read a paper, without charge other than expenses, and those who will loan manuscripts, give parlor talks or deliver a lecture. The subjects cover a wide range, and the list may be obtained of Mrs. C. H. Cogswell, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, chairman of the bureau. The exchange of club courtesies made possible in this way is both pleasant and stimulating, serving to strengthen the fraternal feeling among club women.

The Marshalltown Women's Club, the pioneer in Iowa State Federation, closed the tenth year of its existence in June. Its members may well regard with pleasure the fact that it has been the most prosperous in all ways, of any club year. The work of the year was reviewed in an

interesting manner by the various officers, and the retiring president, Mrs. F. B. Garvin, delivered a short farewell address.

On June 26th the "Holley Press Club" of Belmond, Iowa, celebrated its sixth anniversary, the program consisting of stories, poems and sketches which were the original composition of the members of the club, forming a program as unique as it was interesting.

Village Improvement Societies, or such organizations as departments of clubs, are being quite generally formed throughout Iowa. They are finding plenty of work

and are accomplishing remarkable results. Such work is certainly needed and affords a field of effort immediately at hand and waiting for the harvest. The Monday Club of Red Oak have an especially active department of this nature, through the efforts of which a valuable town clock has recently been presented to the town, to be placed in the courthouse tower.

The new Chairman of Correspondence for Iowa, for the General Federation, is Mrs. Maria C. Weed of West Union. Mrs. Weed is the historian of the Iowa State Federation, and has been identified with the movement from the beginning.



## HOME THEMES.

### HELPFUL PRAISE.

BY GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

I have received several such beautiful, helpful compliments within the past few months, and all of them along the very lines I have longed and tried to follow, and in which I have hoped, almost without hope, to succeed sometime, and perhaps—who can know?—even at length to excel. They have given me a larger hope, a new inspiration, a stronger impulse to make my life constantly what, for a brief space, it has appeared to be to those dear ones whose own beautiful lives—with their love and appreciation—have helped to awaken and bring out the best of which I am capable.

We ought not to feel in the least elated by such praise, as if we were all that these friends have so fondly thought of us; neither should these bright glimpses of our better selves discourage us by the contrast between them and our poor, every-day existence. We ought rather to welcome these blessed experiences as sweet messengers of light, which open our dull eyes and awaken our too hopeless hearts to the possibilities that lie within us. They show us what we are capable of,—even if as yet only for a brief space, at rare intervals and under exceptionally propitious surroundings,—

and so give us not only hope and inspiration to work with greater earnestness towards our ideals, but direct our efforts into right channels, letting us see in what directions we may be most certain of success.

They show us what we are, not "when lifted out of ourselves," but when raised to our own best selves.

Bless the dear eyes that, through our poor souls, see our ideals! Bless the sweet intuition that prompts loving friends to give us the glimpse they have caught, mirage-like, not of what we are, but what we long and strive to be, and what, God helping us, we can and will be one day, if not here, then in the great hereafter!

### RELATION OF KNOWLEDGE TO LIFE.

BY MRS. LILLIAN MONK.

To live among books in the world of thought and imagination is a desirable thing. Years so spent are never to be regretted; but, unless the desire to absorb yields at length to the instinct to give out, even the life of study may degenerate into narrowness and selfishness. No man has a right to live and die wholly to himself. By slow degrees and in his own way every true scholar comes at last to perceive that that which enriches his

own life without helping others is almost valueless.

This truth is finely exemplified in Goethe's "Faust" and Browning's "Paracelsus." Each sought power and knowledge as the chief end of man, and each failed of the highest success by not perceiving that the true aim of all knowledge and all wisdom is but to make a human being more helpful, more serviceable to his kind. Unsanctified by that motive, it is but sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them could not afford Faust one moment of unalloyed happiness. Only when he forgot self and began to work for others could he say to the passing moment,

"Linger awhile, so fair thou art!"

Broken by years and disappointments, Paracelsus, proud no more, learns, too, that knowledge without love is mere vanity—a veritable apple of Sodom, fair without, dust and ashes to the taste,—

"With much power, always much more love."

He no longer disdains the feeble efforts of his fellows, but sees in their humblest striving a sublime reaching out of the spirit toward something nobler than it possesses, and which will become fruit and flowers in a world where "the inadequate to fulness groweth."

Paracelsus ceases to hold himself aloof from his kind, and craves to lie

"Within some narrow grave,  
Not by itself—for that would be too proud—  
But where such graves are thickest,"

desiring nothing which shall mark him out from the roll of common men. Content to be but a man like other men, and touched with a feeling of their infirmities, his humility proclaims him truly great. His early aspirations are fulfilled, not in his way, but in God's way, and he has learned that God's way is best. His transcendent gifts of intellect are sanctified at last by love for his fellow creatures.

The same high truth concerning the office and functions of knowledge is also

impressively and beautifully taught in Shelley's "Alastor" and in Tennyson's "Palace of Art." All demonstrate that, as Emerson says, it is not what talents a man possesses, but what he is to his talents, which constitutes character, and decides whether he shall be a bane or a cup of strength inspiring and uplifting his fellow-men.

#### SEEIN' MY SWEETHEART HOME.

ON THE KICKAPOO RIVER.

The first time I tuck her—I mind it so well,  
The thought of it makes my pulse faster—  
I'd been shyin' 'round her 'nd spoonin' a  
spell.

'Nd that night I jest up 'nd ast her

'S we passed her.

'Twuz'n oyster supper; the boys wuz all  
there.

'Nd how they did hoot at me—blow 'em!  
But Mandy clung tighter 'nd what did I  
care.

When seein' my sweetheart home.

I like a revival what meets every night;

I'm fond of the singin' and prayin';

'Nd better'n a circus to me is the sight  
Of old Father Mocket a-swayin'

'Nd prayin'.

When a sister exhorts me a mourner to be,

I respec'fully answers her "No'm",

I ha'n't got religion—but what fetches me  
Is seein' my sweetheart home.

'Nd the quiltin'! The evenin' I called for  
her there.

Where she with the women wuz sittin',

I colored clear up to the roots o' my hair

When someone said sunthin' 'bout gittin'

The mitten.

She fooled 'em; we follered a round-about  
line.

Both of us preferrin' to roam;

'Nd under the star-shine she said she'd be  
mine.

When seein' my sweetheart home.

'Nd then for the dances; we haven't no  
band.

But fiddler Tom Nottingham answers;

'Nd p'rhaps y' don't think that a feller feels  
grand

When Mandy's a-teachin' the dancers

The Lancers.

She's the plecter o' grace, jest ez sure ez

you're born.

It's rapture to dance with her, though 'm

A mighty sight happier 'long toward morn,  
A-seein' my sweetheart home.

"There's monie a slip 'twixt the cup 'nd the  
lip";

I'm takin' no chance to be late in

A-bailin' it 'fore there's a chance for a slip;

There's no sort o' use in our waitin'

'Bout matin'.

I've got, with a snug little house for my wife,

Forty acres of best valley loam,

'Nd I count upon spendin' the rest o' my life  
A-seein' my sweetheart at home.

Menander Dawson.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

TO MANY of us who were reared from childhood in that period of agitation which came to a tragic conclusion in 1861, the first reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was an event from which may be dated the awakening of our individual conscience as a citizen of the republic. This book gave not a few of us our first lesson in patriotism, our first quickened sense of personal responsibility for the acts and omissions of government. Most of our elders then regarded the Slavery Question as one of national or party expediency, and seemed to be densely befogged by the issue. Young readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" rose from the reading of the story appalled at the sophistries by which their fathers and others whom they would gladly have followed had been wont to explain, or at least excuse, their own or their party's attitude toward Slavery. The boys and girls of the Fifties who were thus early imbued with a hatred of Slavery could not comprehend President Lincoln's conservatism on the question of emancipation. But later, when they saw the Emancipation Proclamation endorsed by the very men who, a few years before, had been either apologists or defenders of Slavery, they then comprehended the wisdom of Lincoln's conservatism,—the wisdom that withheld his hand until, in the fullness of time, the hour had come for action.

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It was stoutly maintained by apologists for Slavery that the gloomy pictures in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were overdrawn. Possibly; but scarcely more overdrawn than was the portrayal of the ideal relations existing between master and slave at the home of the Sheldons and on the plantation of the St. Clares. That the work was underlaid with truth could scarcely

be doubted by any who personally witnessed, or in the newspapers read of, the attempts made in the North to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law.

One morning late in the Fifties, the writer, then a school-boy in Elmira, New York, saw a runaway slave vainly struggling in the hands of the officers of the law who, instigated by the slave's Virginia master, had tracked him to the home of one of his people in that city. The expression of terror in the negro's eyes as they wandered appealingly over the amazed and sympathizing bystanders told its own tale of outrage and woe. The old slave market at Alexandria, Virginia, upon which thousands of Northern youths, on their way to the front, looked with astonished eyes and with feelings too deep for expression, intensified belief



From an engraving in the Aldrich Collection,  
Iowa Historical Department

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

in all the woeful conditions described in Mrs. Stowe's novel. By such object lessons as these, and by the tales of those who took the Underground Railroad from slavery to freedom, were the boys of the Fifties and the youths of the early Sixties brought to accept as substantially true, and tremendously significant, this story

measure, but as a measure of justice and right.

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the forerunner of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. No other novel was ever written that so directly and powerfully acted upon so many minds. Measuring literary work by results, Mrs.

Not one throb of anguish  
not one tear of the oppressed,  
is forgotten by the Man of  
Sorrows; the Lord of Glory  
In His patient generous  
bosom he bears the anguish  
of a world

Uncle Tom's Cabin  
Chap 15<sup>th</sup>  
Harriet Beecher Stowe  
March 29<sup>th</sup> 1894

AUTOGRAPH OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Extract from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," copied by Mrs. Stowe during her last illness, and sent as a contribution to the Aldrich Collection, in the Iowa Historical Department.

of "Life Among the Lowly." And, having accepted the tale as true, they were as ready and eager as were the old guard of Abolitionists led by Phillips and Garrison to demand of government the emancipation of the slaves, not alone as a war

Stowe is the greatest fiction writer in the history of literature.

\* \* \*

In Mrs. Stowe we have a conspicuous example of much good work overshadowed by one great work. Had Harriet



Beecher Stowe not written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she would still have been entitled to great fame. Few are the American novels that can rank with "Dred" in dramatic power and in vividness of description. The strong central figure of the story, with its gloomy background of Dismal Swamp scenery, is one never to be forgotten. And that charming picture of Puritan maidenhood in "The Minister's Wooing" is indelibly etched upon the memory. From Mrs. Stowe's romantic "Agnes of Sorrento" to her "Pink and White Tyranny" and "My Wife and I" is indeed a drop; but, having reached the lower level, we are still on a plane with Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, and other artists of Eastern life and character.

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BRIEFLY outlining this woman's career, Harriet, only daughter of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, July 14, 1811. Eight of her eleven brothers followed their father into the ministry. When she was twenty-five years old, she married Prof. Calvin E. Stowe. While living in Cincinnati, on the border of slavery's domain, the material for her great work was slowly crystallizing in her mind. She began her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1850, at Brunswick, Maine, and in the spring of 1852 the work was published. Before a twelvemonth had rolled around its sale had passed the million mark, a success never attained by any other work. Edition after edition was exhausted and the story has been translated into many tongues. Its influence was strongly felt in many lands, especially in Brazil, powerfully contributing to the emancipation of the slaves in that Empire. It was followed in quick succession by numerous other novels and sketches, all of which found many interested readers. About seven years ago the mind which had conceived the most effective novel ever written became sadly weakened by old age. On the first day of July, 1896, in her 86th year, the cloud which had settled around the mind of Harriet Beecher Stowe was lifted. Since her death, the

greatest and the least, in the Old World and the New, have joined in heart-felt tribute to the moral greatness of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

\* \* \*

IN these days of intellectual activity among women, it is hard to realize the full extent of Mrs. Stowe's triumph over adverse conditions. The realm of woman in fiction was then thought by many to be bounded by the walls of the home and the circle of polite society. Love stories ending with marriage, character sketches and homilies in dialogue were the orthodox forms of literary expression to which women were expected to conform. But here was a book written by a woman which dared question an institution that claimed for itself not only constitutional authority from the founders of the Republic, but also the sanction of God himself! The "audacity" of the women of the present day is the subject of some serious comment and much senseless and insulting jest, but the putting forth of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," way back in 1852, a book attacking an institution that had fortified itself behind the Constitution of the United States and the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, reveals an audacity beside which the modern Woman's Movement is matter-of-fact, — reveals a moral heroism that is sublime.

\* \* \*

THE National Convention of the Democratic party at Chicago was as plain-spoken as was the National Convention of Republicans at St. Louis. The issue is clearly defined. On one side we have protection to American industries and the maintenance of the present gold standard until, by international agreement, the bi-metallic standard can with safety be restored. On the other, we have the demand for immediate restoration of silver as money of redemption at the old ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold, and the complete overthrow of the protective feature of our tariff and the substitution of a tariff solely for revenue. The two great parties now appeal to the people for support on the issue as joined,

The Twentieth Century history of the United States will be foreshadowed in the result of the November response to the appeal. There is in the attitude of the two parties no equivocation, no paltering in a double sense; no attempt to obtain votes under false pretenses. In other campaigns, much time has been wasted by labored argument from recent political history simply to prove that the opposite party meant one thing and said another. Republican orators were wont to show — conclusively to Republicans — that while the Democratic party pronounced for tariff for revenue with incidental protection, it was in fact a free trade party. Democratic orators quite as conclusively convinced their Democratic hearers that the alleged protection to American labor offered by Republicans was in reality protection to the American manufacturer alone. On one side campaign orators were wont to shout "British gold!" to warn voters away from a tariff for revenue only; and from the other side would come vain repetitions of the warning against the all-powerful corruption "soap" supplied in unlimited quantities by our manufacturers. When these "arguments" failed to arouse lethargic audiences, a spice of personality was introduced. One candidate was accused of having feigned a sunstroke in order to create sympathy; and the opposing candidate was charged with having allowed his army substitute to die in the poor-house. But all this makeshift for argument happily belongs to our past. The parties have put up clean men morally; men who profess Christianity and presumably try daily to live up to their profession; men who have that sublime faith in themselves which, when accompanied by the substantial qualities of statesmanship, — knowledge, judgment, breadth of view, — is an essential to success in high official position. The nominees respectively stand squarely upon platforms with which their records are in full accord. The country is to be congratulated on the elevation of the campaign of 1896 above personalities, above the charge

and countercharge of party insincerity, to the high plane of argument and appeal therefrom. May this exalted attitude be maintained in all future presidential contests!

\* \* \*

"THE more perfect Union" of which our fathers dreamt is happily finding realization in many ways. The hearty response of the whole country, North, South, East and West, to President Cleveland's ultimatum on the Venezuelan Question, and the equally vigorous popular protest from all parts of the country against the President's refusal to act on the Cuban Question, reveal the gratifying circumstance that Mason and Dixon's line has ceased to be a fact in our national politics. Our early attempts at reconstruction by law were at best but bungling efforts. The real reconstruction period began with the failure of legislation to "bind up the Nation's wounds." The southward migration of Northern farmers, coupled with the free mingling of Southern men and women with the people of the North, new party issues forcing new divisions upon new lines not sectional, are all together effectually closing war's wounds and making of the North and the South one people — one in sympathy as in interest.

\* \* \*

ONE afternoon last month there assembled in the Midland Chautauqua, at Crocker's Woods, Des Moines, an audience of several thousand Northern people to listen to the chosen chief of the surviving Confederate Grand Army, a Lieutenant-General of the Confederates, who fought with General Lee during the entire war, and stood by Lee's side when that Confederate chieftain surrendered to General Grant. This now most prominent living ex-Confederate came from his Southern home to present to that audience of Northern men, women and children his memorable picture of the "Last Days of the Confederacy." He had come on the invitation of the two Grand Army Posts of Des Moines. He was met at the depot by General Drake, formerly of the Union

Army, now the honored Governor of Iowa; and was introduced to the audience by Congressman Hull, of the Des Moines district, who was a captain in the Union Army. His reception was an ovation; but when the ex-Confederate general, with eloquence inspired by the occasion, paid glowing tribute to the flag of our common country and pledged his surviving ex-Confederates and their sons and daughters to the support of the Union and the old flag, the enthusiasm of that vast audience became uncontrollable. Everyone who heard the ex-Confederate leader is a better patriot and a broader-souled citizen of the republic because of General Gordon's coming. When ex-soldiers of the South and the North meet on common ground as citizens, recalling with alternate smiles and tears the events of the War, part of which they themselves were, and with a common bond of fraternal sympathy turn their attention to the Union's present and future perils, surely the dream of the fathers of the republic is in a fair way to be realized.

Now and then an event, such as the recent assemblage of ex-Confederates at Richmond, disturbs the serenity of one and another member of the Old Guard that put down the Rebellion; but, after a little reflection, even the most sensitive is calmed by the thought that the victory was his, not theirs, and that to the victor belongs generosity, and to the conquered belongs at least the sad satisfaction of mourning his lost cause. The one essential fact showing the actuality of this "more perfect Union" is that the Southern audiences that loudly applaud the tributes of their orators to their soldier dead, and to the cause for which they died, would also condemn any allusion to another attempt at secession, and are quite as enthusiastic as are our Northern audiences when allusion is made to the defense of our flag from insult or attack.

A FEW weeks ago a railroad magnate died, and it was reported that not a single railroad employe attended his funeral.

Whether it was true or false, the report was generally credited as true. What a commentary on that man's life!

A DAKOTA lady writes us she is getting tired of seeing our region misrepresented for the amusement of Eastern magazine readers. Our region can stand the misrepresentation better than can the misrepresenters. *Genre* pictures worthy the name are unvaryingly true to life, and the artist who with pen or brush draws lines that are not true, or lines that are true of exceptional instances, characters or conditions, and puts them before the world as types, or generalizations,—or the editor who knowingly circulates such libels,—can do great harm to others, to whole communities and sections, but he can do himself far greater harm. Nowadays, when any field an artist may choose to work in may easily be reached and studied at first hand, the plea of ignorance is a poor excuse for an offence against the truth.

"WHICH please read *through*." This is from one who sends a story for our consideration. Why thus emphasize "through"? If the story should prove to be so inartistic or so dull in its approaches to the climax that the professional reader, whose business it is to read, must be exhorted to hold out faithfully to the end, what of the unsuspecting public for whom the story was written! Are they to be similarly exhorted? True art in story writing is revealed in the first page, however commonplace, and leads the reader on from page to page until the end is reached.

MAURICE THOMPSON knows "Contemporary American Authors" too well to plead ignorance. In his paper on this subject in the June *Chautauquan* he thus snippily cuts off the writers in his own Middle-West:

West of the Alleghany Mountains we have had a group of writers whose work has attracted wide attention. General Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field have already been spoken of, and space will permit no more than mere mention of Mr. Hamlin Garland, Henry B. Fuller, John

Vance Cheney, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, Lillian Bell, Mrs. Ella Higginson, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Miss Harriet Monroe.

After thus referring to a limitation of his space as a reason for barely mentioning the names following the trio first named, Mr. Thompson twice goes back to Mr. Riley, each time bestowing still more of well-merited praise. He also generously devotes five lines to Mr. Fuller's artistic work. But what excuse could a man of Maurice Thompson's wide range of knowledge give for thus dismissing in a brief paragraph the entire Middle-West, —from the Alleghanies to the Rockies! Most inexcusable of all, why should he mention as representatives of this region such talented and yet little known authors as Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Miss Lillian Bell and Mrs. Ella Higginson, and wholly ignore Octave Thanet, an author whose work commands high recognition and many readers, not only in her own country, but also in Great Britain and France?

And what shall we say of a paper purporting to cover contemporary American authors that carelessly credits Mrs. Ella Higginson to the Middle-West and also to "the far West"! And what value can we place upon this writer as authority when in his list of far Western authors he names Mrs. Higginson and Ambrose Bierce, and omits to mention Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, famous as the author of "Stories of the Foothills," and Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, the acknowledged poet laureate of California!

\* \* \*

THE severest satire on genealogy hunters is to be found in the *Critic's* review of Alice Morse Earle's "Colonial Dames and Good Wives." This critic coolly says, "Of course, the very life of genealogy is the benefit of the doubt, and that man is rather rare among us who would be seen talking on the street with his grandfathers—except assorted ones." He concludes that "the safest condition

to be in, genealogically, is that of having enough fact to imagine with, and enough mystery to keep the facts where they belong." It concludes that Mrs. Earle's book, being historical, is disillusionizing and discouraging. All of which is doubtless founded upon fact; yet, nevertheless, the tracing of ancestry will go on, and the possessor of an ancestral tree will not be likely to straightway go and cut it down because he is confronted with the fact that there are dead limbs and superfluous branches which might well be lopped off.

\* \* \*

"WOULD you accept an original short story of — words from an Iowa girl!" The acceptance would depend upon the quality of the story. The number of words is not especially important and, though a short story is more easily placed, the real question of length is this: Could the story have been artistically, effectively told in fewer words? A story from an Iowa girl is, *per se*, no more and no less available than a story from an Iowa boy, or from a Nebraska girl, —or boy, or woman, or man. It's the story, not the personality behind it, that must pass under consideration.

\* \* \*

WE ARE both financially and editorially interested in the development of midland literature, and have found that this competitive feature is healthfully developing much latent talent and at the same time is opening many eyes to the real requirements of literature. They who thought that a midland magazine would print second, third, and fourth rate matter because it was prepared by midland writers are coming to see that the only way to develop midland literature is to raise high the standard. The inevitable failures in a competition in which but one in every class can win has led to much healthful introspection and re-examination and to a far better conception of what constitutes true literature.

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

### LATTER DAY ROMANCE.

*C'est Adolph Thiers qu'on me nom  
Sacré nom d'un petit bon homme.*

So sang the soldier of the Red Commune, the grisette and the street gamln of Paris in the days of the last Reign of Terror. The author of *The Red Republic*\* seems to have shared in the sentiment of Rochefort's contemptuous couplet. And with reason. Mr. Chambers writes with abundant historical help at hand, and with intimate knowledge of the French — of Parisian life and character. Not only does his book offer the most vivid picture extant of the days which followed the flight of Thiers from Paris, but a moving and thrilling contribution to modern romance. Whether the reader may readily lay the volume aside until the last chapter is finished is purely a question of taste and temperament. Robert Louis Stevenson was wont to say that "everything is temperament." Granting this, the saying is doubly true when applied to art appreciation. I never had any patience with the contentious disciples of this or that school of fiction, poetry, painting or music. A painter is pre-Raphaelite; very well, let him keep to the ideals and the technique — if it has technique — of his school. If his work be fine, the connoisseurs will give him his appropriate niche, and the world — *tous le mont* — mayhap will stand before his pictures. All this has nothing to do with one's enjoyment of a water-color by Walter Crane, a romance of Hawthorne's, or a novel by Henry James. The question is, is it art? If so — given a public — it will find appreciation, even as it found expression.

There is art in *The Red Republic* of a quality quite out of reach of the mere sensationalism, the wishy-washiness, or the sensuous dirt of much that is published under the title of romance. The first chapter is disappointing. One meets the leading character in bad company. In forbidding quarters, where wine flows freely and the women are known by their given names. Naturally, it may follow that the piece will be finished *à la Zola*. Presently, however, the atmosphere clears, and when Jeanne de Brassac is introduced the reader may breathe freely, may lose himself in the absorbing interest of an exciting and exceedingly clever tale. The daring adventures of d'Artagan, of Athos, Porthos and Aramis, are vividly recalled. Through a maze of plot and counter-plot the characters come and go — mostly by way of the dead-wall, the sabre and bayonet — and thrilling incidents follow each other after the masterful fashion of Dumas, *père*. The players in this moving drama are indeed many, and the author's stage is no "puppet Booth."

*Il faut bien qu'on s'amuse.*

Very well, come to this entertainment and you shall have variety enough. The soldier of the Red Commune swaggers behind his barricade; he gives an extra cock to his kept, bangs his musket upon the pavement, leans upon it with indescribable carelessness, and cracks rough jests with the women who serve him bread and wine. Later, you shall meet him fighting like a madman and dying like a stoic under the guns of Mont Valerien, or in the woods of Bas-Mendon. Blood runs

freely. The Central Committee and the infamous prefect do deadly work in Paris. Mazas prison cells are crowded to suffocation. The dead-wall is brought into hourly requisition; peaceful gatherings of citizens are fired upon, ruthlessly cut down. There is a secret council of the arch-plotters — bloodthirsty leaders of the rabble — *canaille*. You shall mark their evil faces, the *sang froid* of death-dealing orders, the infamous character of these officers of the Commune. You tire of this and are invited to No. 70, Rue Notre Dame. Here in the small apartments and garden of the artist, Landes, the Stars and Stripes and the Fleur de Lis reign in triumphant seclusion. The sweet purity, the ineffable innocence of Jeanne de Brassac wins your affection — touches your heart, if you have one. You want to stroke Tcherka, the cat, and you feel immense solicitude for the black-bird in such perilous quarters. You watch the antics of the very small setter with a new interest in all puppydom, and you are even interested in Monsieur Prudhomme — the toad. The tale has its rough spots, but you do not mind them. You could forgive a good deal, even of horse-play, for the sake of those visits to the garden, the camp-fire scene with Red McGlone, McBarron and Con Dally, the heroic and hopeless fight of Sarré's Battalion.

Stevenson and Kipling out of the question, there has not been published within a decade so good a story of romance and adventure.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

Goldsmith's classic story, "Vicar of Wakefield," is not more simply told than is Howells' latest tale of young love, "A Parting and a Meeting."\*\* In all literature no fiction can be found which gives a more simple and natural picturing of the April period in the love life of the world than has been embodied in the stories of W. D. Howells. (We note with pleasure that the William Dean Howells of late years has disappeared from the title page, and the W. D. Howells who won us by "A Chance Acquaintance," and "Their Wedding Journey," some twenty odd years ago, has come back to take his place.) The idyllic tale before us is one of young love in New England seventy years ago. Two lovers out for a ride, having nothing real to quarrel over, proceed to develop that interesting substitute for real trouble, a misunderstanding. They "make up" and extend their ride to a Shaker community. The sentimental youth becomes enamored of the peaceful life of celibacy there led. His suggestion that they join the community stabs her to the heart. On the way home they part. They go their separate ways through life and, last scene of all, the two thus foolishly parted

\*The Red Republic, by Robert W. Chambers. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

\*\*Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York.



meet at the community home, both old, and he with mental faculties bedimmed by age. She eagerly recalls their past, he faintly recalls it. She seeks to draw from him some word of consolation; he is chiefly exercised over the persistency with which the Sisters make his bed without that hollow in the middle so essential to his comfort. The strain of that pathetic last scene is gently broken by the impatient granddaughter, to whose question the old lady answers, "Yes, it's true. I guess Roger and I have about got through."

The frequent recurrence of the name of James B. Kenyon in the *Century's* table of contents, and an occasional poem over the name in other magazines, THE MIDLAND among the number, prepared us for the delicate soul music found in "An Oaten Pipe."\* Mr. Kenyon's muse loves close association with the classic ideals, and we who are looking for poetry inspired by the soul experiences of to-day are obliged to key ourselves to the pitch of our Greek poetry days in order to receive at their full and at their best the strains which come to our ears from this oaten pipe of other days. But, once in the mood of it, how pure and sweet the music falls upon our ears!

"The babbling of a slender stream  
In the sweet trouble of its dream."

But there are wood songs and field songs which belong to the eternal Now, and in which the heart rejoices. Note this picture of Autumn:

"O'er every field her smoky banners trail;  
She sets her ruby sign on every hill."

The poet is at his best when he can stand

"In the vernal air  
And the bliss of green things share.  
Into the soft dark mold  
That wraps them, fold on fold,  
Let the roots of my being go."

Such verse as this reveals the poet in another phase:

"Down Pain's dark ways Love goes afar."

Of the numerous poems on old Greek themes none surpass in thought and rhythm the sonnet entitled "Sappho," which first saw the light in last January's MIDLAND.

At a time when we of this country were wondering who among the minor poets of England would rise to the heights occasionally attained by Swinburne and

Rossetti, came William Watson with an inspiration drawn from that aggregation of crimes against the civilization for which the name Armenia has come to stand, and the verdict at once was, "A greater soul than Swinburne or Rossetti is finding utterance in 'The Purple East.'"\* This series of sonnets has given new dignity to the sonnet as a form of expression. This form has heretofore been most successfully used in the expression of passionate love; but, aside from one exalted sonnet having patriotic protest for its *motif*, Rossetti's successes as a sonneteer were in the field chosen by Mrs. Browning and by Shakespeare.

The series of "Sonnets on England's Desertion of India," eighteen in number, together make one noble poem of protest. Each sonnet embodies some new form of protest, presenting the latest soul stress in which the poet regarded the latest outrages to which his government was consenting. We have already published (in the MIDLAND) several of these sonnets. Of the remaining we select the following as perhaps the most significant of the poet's lofty patriotism and philanthropy combined,—his protest against Salisbury's do-nothing policy:

I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,  
Uttered so forthright on their lips who steer  
This nation's course; I had not thought to

hear  
That word re-echoed by an English thane,  
Gull's maiden speech when first a man lay

slain,  
"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yet full near  
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear  
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain.

"Wherefore should we, sirs, more than they—  
or they—

Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?  
An English thane, in this our English air,  
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day  
Slopes to its twilight, and for Honour there  
Is needed but a requiem, and a grave.

"The Interpretation of Literature"† is well named. This little book, by W. H. Crawshaw, A. M., professor of English literature in Colgate University, treats literature as an art. Its author maintains that literary study should, therefore, begin at the art center, the student first seeking that which is essential. The author takes a broad view of the study of literature, regarding it as the study of humanity through the most effective medium of human expression. The work not only covers the whole ground of literature in detail but also philosophically discusses the form, substance and kinds of literature.

\*J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, publishers, 65 Fifth Avenue, New York.

\*Stone & Kimball, New York.

†Macmillan & Co., New York. \$1.



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## MARION, IOWA.

By W. H. JEWETT.

WHEN the first settler came to the spot where Marion, Iowa, now stands, and located his claim and built his humble cabin, he showed excellent taste in his choice of a home. The country was mostly prairie, and in its virgin richness the soil needed only the touch of the husbandman to yield an hundred-fold. This was in the year 1838, when Iowa was an undeveloped territory.— Other settlers soon followed. In December, 1839, the town was laid out and named in honor of Gen. Francis Marion, of Revolutionary fame. One of the men who helped carry the surveyor's chain on that occasion, Andrew J. McKean, is still an honored member of the town he helped to found. In 1840 the town showed signs of substantial growth, and a saw-mill was built. In 1841 the first school-house was erected. When Linn county was organized, in 1840, Marion was chosen the county seat, and one hundred and sixty acres of land purchased from the government for a site. The greater part of this tract was laid off into lots and sold for the benefit of the county. The court-house was ordered



REV. J. G. VAN NESS, D. D.,  
Pastor of the First M. E. Church, Marion.

built, and the work was begun the following year. Since that time there have been several attempts to remove the seat of government, but Marion has succeeded in retaining her hold upon the prize.

While the growth of Marion has not been rapid, it has been solid and substantial. Its population now numbers 5,000. It is a city of neat and comfortable homes, and intelligent, thrifty people. Its public schools are second to none. There are four fine school buildings, built of brick. These are presided over by more than a score of instructors, and provide instruction for about a thousand pupils.

Being the junction of the main line and two branches of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Marion's railroad facilities are excellent. It is division headquarters for the Chicago and Council Bluffs division of the main line, and a fifteen-stall roundhouse is located here. One branch of this road extends to Kansas City, Missouri, and the other to Jackson Junction, Iowa. The best electric line in the State connects the city with Cedar Rapids, five miles away.

The churches of Marion include those of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Christian,



THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MARION.

Catholic, Lutheran and Advent denominations. The three first named have fine edifices, and the Christians are about to erect a handsome structure. The Methodists have just completed a beautiful place of worship which would be an ornament to any community, and is probably unsurpassed in any city the size of Marion in the United States. This church, which cost \$30,000, was begun in September, 1895, and dedicated June 21, 1896. It has a seating capacity of 1,500. There are class, assembly and Sunday-school rooms, parlor, reception room, choir room, pastor's study, etc. The central tower is 100 feet high. But the feature that commands greatest admiration is its beautiful stained-glass windows. Rev. J. G. Van Ness, D. D., its pastor, is a man of untiring energy, and it is due to his efforts that the church was built and is paid for. Dr. Van Ness came to Marion four years ago, and since that time has worked unceasingly to secure a new place of worship. He is a graduate of Union College and of Drew Theological Seminary, but his ministerial work has all been in the West. He was for two years Iowa president of the Epworth League.

Marion has a strong branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. It also has the usual number of clubs, societies and orders, all of which are prospering.



THE LATE A. S. MARSHALL, D. D.  
For forty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Marion.



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MARION.

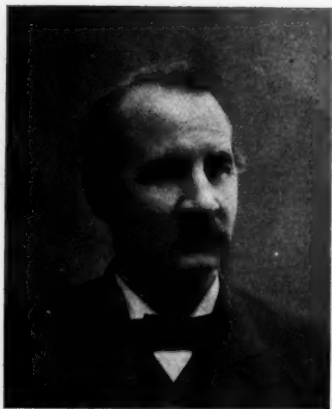
#### REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF MARION.

The limits of this article forbid reference to more than a few of the representative men of Marion.

Judge William G. Thompson's name stands out prominently by reason of his long and honorable career as a soldier, legislator, lawyer and judge. Coming to Marion in 1853, he entered the practice of law and soon afterwards was elected to the State Senate—the youngest member of that body. He served the nation for three years as Major of the Twelfth Iowa Volunteers. Years later he served the nation as congressional representative. He was first elected in 1879, reelected in 1881. After serving the people in various capacities he was appointed district judge to fill a vacancy and was afterwards elected to the position, which he still holds.

Jay J. Smyth is prominently identified with Marion and its interests. He is a man of strong character and intellectual force. He is keenly alive to whatever is for the welfare of his city, and anxious to promote any enterprise that may be to its benefit. He has for several years been a member of the city council. Until a few months ago he was president of the First National Bank of Marion, but tendered his resignation in order that he might devote his time to other large interests.

Hon. Garry Treat, a retired farmer, has been an influential member of the county board of supervisors for six years, during three of which he was its chairman. He is one of the directors of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, which he assisted



MAJOR WILLIAM G. THOMPSON,  
Judge and ex-Congressman.

in organizing. He is president of the State Bank of Greeley, Nebraska.

Ex-Judge James D. Giffen was born in Pennsylvania. He emigrated with his parents to Iowa in 1856; located near Springville, where he worked on the farm, attended and taught school alternately, receiving most of his education at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon. After leaving college he was principal of the Tipton Grammar School for a while, and principal of the Marion Public Schools, which position he held for two or three



HON. GARRY TREAT.

years. After being admitted to the bar he began practice in Marion. In November, 1882, he was appointed district judge by Governor Sherman. He was elected to the position the same year and twice thereafter reelected.

Hon. J. C. Davis has practiced his profession here since 1863. He was elected county attorney in 1880, and was for many years mayor of his city. Mr. Davis is Secretary and Treasurer of the Old Settlers' Association of Linn County. He is a man of large influence and high standing in the county.

Hon. James E. Bromwell, since his retirement from the office of county auditor, has been engaged in the practice of law at Marion. He bears the reputation of being a sound and successful lawyer,



EX-JUDGE JAMES D. GIFFEN.

and is a rising member of the legal profession.

David R. Hindman, M. D., is the oldest physician in the city. He graduated from the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1857, and settled in Marion in 1864. The Doctor bids fair to continue his useful and honorable career for many years to come. He is held in high esteem by the members of his profession, being a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy, the Society of Homœopathic Physicians of Iowa, and the Central Homœopathic Society, of which organization he was for many years president. Dr. Hindman was for ten years health officer of Marion.

Dr. Walter H. Bailey is a popular and rising young physician, who completed his medical education only three years ago, but has already built up a practice of which many an older physician might feel proud. His practice covers the entire field of medicine, but his specialty is diseases of the eye and ear, and he is achieving more than a local reputation. He graduated from the Chicago Medical College and took a post-graduate course in New York City. He is destined to make his mark in the medical profession. He is the present health officer of the city.

Prof. N. H. Richards, county superintendent of schools, received his education at Cornell College, Mt. Vernon. In 1893 he was elected superintendent by 1,200

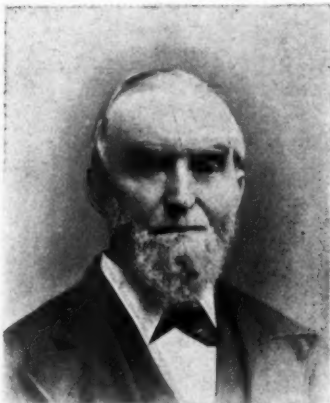


DAVID R. HINDMAN, M. D.

official and very popular. During Mr. Camp's administration the work of the auditor's office has gone smoothly along, and his administration has been highly satisfactory. Before his election he was a resident of Cedar Rapids, where he was engaged in manufacturing.

Assisting Mr. Camp is Mr. W. T. Jackson, deputy auditor, who was appointed to his present position by W. G. Treat, the former auditor. Mr. Jackson is a valuable man for the place. He graduated from Coe College in 1891, and was employed in the Cedar Rapids National Bank when his present position was tendered him.

Marion has three banks—the First National, the Marion Savings and the

JAMES E. BROMWELL, SR.,  
A Resident of Marion since 1839.

majority, and in 1895 reelected by 2,400 majority. During Mr. Richards' regime the school work in the county has prospered, as is shown by the Teachers' Institute, the attendance on which has increased over thirty per cent under his administration. He ably edits and publishes an educational journal—*The Linn County School Review*.

The sheriff's office is presided over by a good officer, John Cone, a veritable thorn in the flesh of the evil-doer. Mr. Cone stepped into the office last year, his election being a promotion from the place of deputy sheriff, which he had held for six years. His election was in the nature of a reward for good service.

Edward L. Camp, elected to the office of county auditor in 1894, is a first-class



DR. WALTER H. BAILEY.



COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT N. H. RICHARDS.

Farmers' and Merchants' State Bank. The first named is one of the oldest financial institutions in the State, founded some thirty years ago. It, together with the Marion Savings Bank, occupies a handsome brick structure, substantial and thoroughly fire-proof. The First National has a capital of \$50,000 and a surplus of \$10,000. Hon. J. S. Alexander is president; A. J. McKean, vice-president, and C. H. Kurtz, cashier. These, with E. A. Vaughn, J. B. Scott, Benjamin Bowman and W. S. Twogood, comprise its strong board of directors.

The Marion Savings Bank has a capital of \$30,000. E. A. Vaughn is its president;



COUNTY AUDITOR E. L. CAMP.

W. A. Twogood, vice-president, and C. H. Kurtz, cashier. These officers, together with Jay J. Smyth and J. S. Alexander, form the directory.

Senator J. S. Alexander, president of the First National Bank, was born in Linn county in 1842. When the War began he was tendered a clerkship in the pay department, but preferred to serve as a private. He was soon promoted, and at the close of the War was captain of the company in which he enlisted. On the return of peace he engaged in the lumber business in Marion, continuing therein until 1891, when he entered the bank — first as its cashier, afterwards becoming its president. In 1895 he was elected to the State Senate, receiving the handsome majority of 2,000. He is a prominent member of the Grand Army of the



DEPUTY AUDITOR W. T. JACKSON.

Republic, and an active and influential business man.

Mr. C. H. Kurtz, the bank's cashier, came to Linn county fifty years ago, when a child. Consequently, he is one of the first settlers of the county, although still in the prime of life. He was county recorder for eight years, and is a man of wide acquaintance and sterling integrity.

The Farmers' and Merchants' State Bank is also a solid institution, having a paid-up capital of \$60,000. It was opened for business June 15, 1894, with S. N. Goodhue, president; Geo. W. Toms, vice-president, and E. J. Esgate, cashier. Since then Mr. Toms has succeeded to the presidency, and T. J. Davis to the vice-presidency, Mr. Esgate still acting as



cashier. This bank occupies a very handsome building.

Mr. V. G. Shumack is a prosperous young merchant, who began as a clerk, but by industry and economy was able to enter business for himself about eight years ago. He carries a large stock of groceries and queensware. On August 3, 1894, a fire destroyed his store and its contents; but he and his brother erected a temporary building, stocked it, and were doing business again three days after the fire.

The firm of Drew & White has the leading bicycle house of Marion. These gentlemen foresaw the coming popularity of the wheel, and prepared for it by fitting up a good repair shop and securing the agency for some of the best wheels made. Chas. E. Drew, senior member of the firm, is an energetic young man, and thoroughly understands the bicycle business, having served his apprenticeship in a large bicycle factory at Elgin, Illinois.

The *Marion Register* is the pioneer in Marion journalism, dating its existence from the year 1852. The present editor, Major S. W. Rathbun, has occupied the editorial chair since 1864. The *Register* is an influential Republican journal, and his party recognized Mr. Rathbun's ser-



Photo by Breneman.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

vices by making him a delegate to the Republican Convention at St. Louis.

The *Marion Pilot* was moved to this city in 1870. L. P. Bardwell, its editor, makes it an able exponent of Republican principles and a good local paper.

The *Marion Sentinel* is about ten years old. It is vigorously conducted by T. T. Williams, who bought the paper in 1891. Its political tone is Democratic.

The latest recruit to the journalistic ranks is the *Saturday Argus*, established last fall by C. S. Shanklin. It is ably handled, and is independent in politics.

While Marion has never experienced a real estate "boom," she has latterly enjoyed a healthy and steady growth, due largely to the efforts of her enterprising real estate men. In the city are several firms who handle real estate, and foremost among these is that of Holloway & Crew, who began business in the fall of 1891. This firm makes a specialty of improved and unimproved lands in Iowa, Missouri, Dakota and Nebraska. Regardless of "hard times," they have this year disposed of several thousand acres of choice farming lands in Missouri and Southern Iowa. Mr. Holloway is a thorough business man, and by integrity and industry has won an enviable place in the business circles of Marion. Mr. Crew is an old resident of Linn County, where he is well and favorably known. It is safe to predict for this firm a successful future.

Mr. J. B. McKean is a native of Marion, but was for several years a resident of Sioux City, where he was engaged in the abstract business. Later he went to New York, and was a special examiner in the State Insurance Department. Last November he returned to his native city and prepared a set of abstracts covering the



CHARLES E. DREW.



H. J. HOLLOWAY.

title to every piece of land in the county. Mr. McKean is thoroughly familiar with the abstract business, having followed it for nine years, and is enterprising and capable.

The Hollis Abstract Company, of Linn county, has been in existence since 1864, and has a paid-up capital of \$25,000. C. M. Hollis is president, E. C. Hollis, vice-president, and N. M. Hollis, secretary and cashier.

C. B. Breneman is a worthy young man and a good artist, whose studio shows many examples of his artistic skill. He

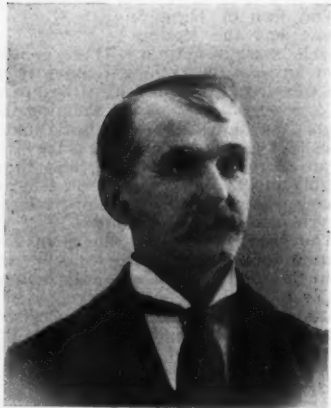


DR. H. M. ROWE, VETERINARY SURGEON.

takes pictures by the carbon and platinum processes, and his work is uniformly good.

The Steam Roller Mills, T. G. White, proprietor, manufactures a popular breakfast food, a nutritious and palatable wheat preparation, which is popular with those who enjoy a delicate and nourishing breakfast food. By a special process of manufacture, the nutritive elements in the wheat grain are used in such a way as to make a delicious and healthful preparation. This food is intended for all who enjoy a breakfast dish that is dainty, palatable, and at the same time nourishing and invigorating.

Another industry deserving mention is the laboratory of the Hawkeye Stock



J. C. CREW.

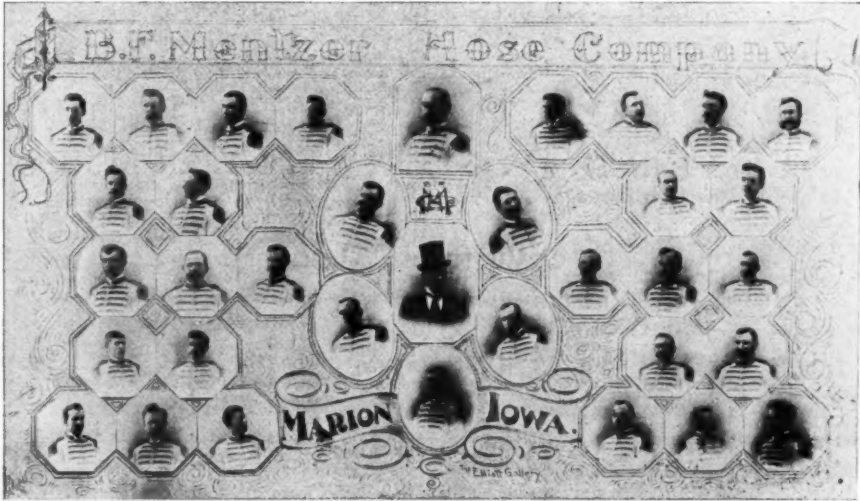
Food Company. Four preparations are manufactured — Dr. Rowe's Stock Food, Dr. Rowe's Poultry Food, Dr. Rowe's Stock Liniment and Dr. Rowe's Healing Lotion. Seven traveling men are employed in introducing these preparations, which are well-known to stock and poultry raisers. Dr. H. M. Rowe, the president of the company, is a veterinary surgeon, and the preparations bearing his name are the result of careful experiments and a thorough knowledge of animals and their needs.

The Mentzer Hose Team is an organization in which the people of Marion take great pride. It was organized by the liberality of Mr. B. F. Mentzer, one of the substantial merchants of the city, who has been its president from the beginning. The team consists of thirty-six

leading young men of Marion, and is considered the best hose team in the State. It took part in the State Tournament at Atlantic and again at Iowa City, on both occasions capturing the State championship. At Clinton the team secured a purse of \$150 and a magnificent silver cup. It is officered as follows: B. F. Mentzer, president; H. A. Stearns, vice-president; C. H. Marshall, foreman; J. S. Ovington, secretary and treasurer, and J. E. Bromwell, drill-master.

Marion is more fortunate than many towns in the way of hotel accommoda-

tions. When a traveler stops at Hotel Daniels he does not regret it afterwards, for he finds himself well taken care of and made to feel that, next to a good home, a good hotel is the greatest blessing to the tired and hungry. Hotel Daniels is fitted up with regard to the convenience of the traveling public, and the person is hard to please who does not find it to his liking. Its ninety-six rooms are well furnished and its table is first-class. It is electrically lighted, steam-heated, has a steam laundry and commodious sample rooms.



MARION'S FAMOUS HOSE COMPANY, "THE B. F. MENTZER."

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is the title of a pretty book just issued by the Gulf Railway and the South Park Line. Send six cents in stamps and mention this magazine. Our other new publications, as follows, will be sent on receipt of two cents postage, each: "South Park and the Alpine Pass," "Boreas, Breckenridge and the Blue," "Manitou," "A Day in the Canyons." Address B. L. Winchell, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo. 6-3

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The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts and the grandest

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### GOLDEN HARVEST AT CRIPPLE CREEK

will equal the productions of the bonanza mines of Nevada and California. The Colorado Midland Railroad is the only broad gauge line running to this district. The best line to Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Grand Junction, Salt Lake and San Francisco. W. F. Bailey, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo. 6-3

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*Authorized, Endorsed and Commended by Colonel Fred. D. Grant.*

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Remember, “*Grant in the West*” begins with *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* of October, 1896.

A word personal as to the author, Colonel (and Judge) John W. Emerson. Page 1098 of the “*History of Missouri*,” after speaking at length of the birth, par-

entage, education and public services of Colonel J. W. Emerson, says :

"As a lawyer, Judge Emerson has few equals in the State. He is a deep thinker, a logical and forcible speaker, and as Circuit Judge was regarded as one of the ablest in the Commonwealth. He resigned the Judgeship because he preferred a private life." The history refers in a highly complimentary manner to the soldier-jurist's able addresses, lectures and contributions to the literature of his time. It concludes : "His residence is one of the most beautiful in the State. It is located in the lovely valley of Arcadia, and is surrounded by the scenery of the Ozark Mountains, and is historical, being the place where Col. U. S. Grant received his commission as Brigadier-General and was encamped in 1861."

*As to Colonel Emerson's authority from the family of General Grant:*

Colonel F. D. Grant, son of the General, has written Colonel Emerson a number of most cordial letters, from which the following are quotations.

Extract from Col. F. D. Grant to Col. J. W. Emerson, February 26, 1889 :

"Was so pleased with what you had to say, and the way in which you said it, that I assembled the family together and read

your article to them. We all agreed that your paper brings out a number of points which will give the historical student a better idea of General Grant's character than any other similar paper we have read."

Extract from letter from Col. F. D. Grant to Col. J. W. Emerson, March 21, 1889 :

"You are at perfect liberty to use as much of the Personal Memoirs as you please in your forthcoming book."

Extract from letter of Col. F. D. Grant, to Col. J. W. Emerson, February 18, 1896 :

"I am pleased to learn that you are about to complete and bring out your long deferred work on the life of my father, General Grant. Your papers hitherto published have given me so much pleasure that I am sure this work will be exceedingly interesting to myself and others, as well as historically valuable. I wish your work great success."

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